

THE AMERICAN Greatest Circulation in the World A WEEKLY

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Sunday, May 1, 1932



Enchanting Fairyland Lovers By the Distinguished English Artist Edmund Dulac

IVAN AND THE CHESTNUT HORSE —

PRINCE IVAN was youngest and stupidest of three sons. But when his father died Ivan was the only son to go every day to his grave and read prayers over it. The King had a beautiful daughter whom he kept locked up at the top of a high tower. One day he announced that anyone who could jump his horse high enough to kiss the Princess could marry her. Ivan was sitting on his father's grave when up rose his father's spirit and an enchanted chestnut horse. Ivan's father told him to step into the right ear of the horse and pass out the left. Ivan did it—don't ask how. When he came out the left ear he was no longer stupid, but clever, brave and handsome. He trotted the horse to the tower, and it leaped up as high as the top and accommodately lingered while Ivan gave the Princess a long, long kiss. She liked it. They married. And so filial piety was rewarded, and the first aerial kiss performed centuries before aeroplanes were thought of.



Rudolf Steinhilber, the former Hungarian wine merchant, who plotted his own death by murder, to insure a life income for his family. He is shown as he lay dying from the injuries inflicted by his hired assassin.

WHEN Hungarian police, searching a train for an escaped convict at a station near the city of Kecskemet, came upon the unconscious body of Rudolf

BUDAPEST.

Steinhilber, the country's ablest detectives questioned the dead man's widow and his aged parents. Little information that would help apprehend the murderer was expected from these grief-stricken folk, but in their frank discussions of his private affairs they supplied several important clues.

While the police net was being flung over Hungary and Austria, the country's ablest detectives questioned the dead man's widow and his aged parents. Little information that would help apprehend the murderer was expected from these grief-stricken folk, but in their frank discussions of his private affairs they supplied several important clues.

They revealed that Steinhilber was not the rich man that his friends supposed him to be. Depression and stiff competition from other wine merchants had practically wiped away his once sizable fortune. He was, in fact, on the verge of bankruptcy.

They also supplied the information that the wine merchant, only a few weeks before his tragic end, had used most of his remaining cash to take out a \$100,000 insurance policy in favor of his family.

The murderer, whoever he was, had not stolen his victim's pocketbook, but he had taken the man's gold watch, a cherished family heirloom.

A detailed description of the watch was broadcast by the Kecskemet police and the agent with whom Steinhilber had taken out his insurance policy was questioned.

This man, at first a reluctant witness, finally admitted that he had thought the wine merchant a man with a distorted sense of humor because he had offered the agent several thousand dollars to kill him the day the contract was signed. He had regarded the offer as a joke.

This bit of information enlightened and confused the police. It indicated that an impoverished man had

planned to relieve his family's financial difficulties by defrauding an insurance company—but he had not committed suicide. Wounds like those that had cracked the wine merchant's skull could not have been self-inflicted.

While the police were trying to solve the confusing riddle thus presented to them, a young man named Friedrich Fischl walked into the Soviet legation in Vienna. He insisted on a private interview with the minister in charge.

"I am the man with the watch," he said mysteriously. "Here it is. I have come for my money and my ticket to Moscow."

The Russian minister, believing he had a crazy man on his hands, called the police, who recognized Steinhilber's watch, arrested Fischl and wrung from him a complete confession to the wine merchant's brutal murder.

It was an astonishing story that the young man told, but an eminent state alienist testified that he believed the murderer was telling the truth.

Briefly, the story is this: Steinhilber engaged Fischl as a sort of private secretary and traveling companion. He knew the young man was a Communist and had been arrested several times for taking part in radical demonstrations. The wine merchant, however, was not at all alarmed by the powers that be in Soviet Russia and gave Fischl his gold watch with instructions to present it at the Soviet legation in Vienna—when he had carried out a certain important job for Steinhilber. The pay for this job was to be \$5,000.

This important job, it turned out, was the murder of the wine merchant, which he induced his employee to commit by placing him under a hypnotic spell.

"He fixed me with those black eyes of his," Fischl testified, "and commanded me to hit him on the head with a hammer he carried in his suitcase. I couldn't help myself from obeying. In a dose I knew that I was killing a man, but I couldn't stop. I am the man with the watch."

What price the 21-year-old murderer will have to pay for his crime is still problematical because another State

Man Hires His Own Murderer

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Friedrich Fischl, who volunteered to kill the merchant, and kept his bargain, only to fall foul of the law. When he went to collect a mythical reward from Soviet agents, about whom Steinhilber had told him a fanciful yarn.

alienist, in sharp disagreement with his colleague, maintains that Fischl cold-bloodedly killed for money, and not because he was under anyone's hypnotic spell. The court must accept the opinion of one scientist or the other before it can impose sentence on the prisoner.

Italy Supplies "The Perfect Back" in European Contest

THE painters and sculptors of the "City of Beautiful Women" seem to be doing more to promote friendly relations between the European nations than all the diplomats. Not long ago they departed from their usual custom of finding Venetian women the most beautiful on the continent—no matter how many comely aristocrats, aristocratic beauties and even the most charming women with the accolade of beauty—but in this instance there was nothing to do but bestow the prize on a truly charming young visitor from Italy, who, in our opinion, has the perfect back.

For thirty years I have been reproducing in marble and bronze and clay what seemed to me symmetrical and artistically beautiful backs, but never before has it been my privilege to look upon a back like that of Signorina Galante. Believe me, it is excitingly modeled and proportioned. It is flat where it should be, and curves in exactly the right places. All of my colleagues of the chisel and the brush agree with me. They want to mold it and preserve its lines as a criterion for artists of the future. Another such back may not be found for years.

VIENNA. A pretty product of Sunny Italy—Signorina Galante. In awarding the huge silver cup to the competitor from Milan, the chief of the judges, who is a world-famous sculptor, said: "It must seem to the many truly beautiful women who live on the banks of the Blue Danube that we have developed a perverse habit of denying them the major prize in beauty contests. But, of course, this is not so. We have been pleased to honor many Viennese women with the accolade of beauty—but in this instance there was nothing to do but bestow the prize on a truly charming young visitor from Italy, who, in our opinion, has the perfect back."

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London Zoo's Newest Arrival

A FEW days ago a motor truck backed onto a London dock close to the hull of a steamer just in from the Pacific island of New Guinea. A stout box marked "Live animals—handle carefully" was hoisted from the hold of the ship and lowered carefully to the truck.

That box housed two of the rarest creatures which have come to London's world-famous zoo in many years—a female tree kangaroo and her six-month-old baby.

The photograph shows these interesting new arrivals a few hours after they were installed in a special pen in the middle of which is a good-sized tree. The directors of the zoo knew that this tree was essential to the health and happiness of the mother and her shy youngster, which she carries in her marsupial pouch on her abdomen.

They knew, too, that the kangaroos probably would die without their pe-

culier vegetable diet, so they arranged for more than a ton of leaves, ferns and plants from the New Guinea jungles to be shipped with the animals.

A supply of this food will be sent from New Guinea every two months. Londoners are quite familiar with the appearance and the antics of the Australian kangaroo, but few of them ever have seen this rarer cousin of the curious long-tailed champion jumper from the under side the world.

The tree kangaroo, unlike the common kangaroo, has front legs nearly as big and strong as its hind legs. Each foot is equipped with sturdy claws with which it climbs and clings to trees.

This curious animal, being timid and wary, sleeps in the high tree tops during the day. It occasionally feeds on the leaves but does most of its feeding at night, on certain ferns and plants found only in New Guinea and northern Australia.

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The Newest Member of London's Official Animal Family, Is This Tree Kangaroo From New Guinea.

With Its Six-Month-Old Baby Nesting in the Marsupial Pouch.

Elaborate Model of Industries

LONDON.

ENGLAND may be off the gold standard and staggering beneath a heavy burden of war debts, but she is determined to fight her way back to solvency and a leading position in world trade.

Ample evidence of this fighting spirit was found at the gigantic British Industries Fair which recently opened in London. Here were millions of dollars' worth of English-made products on display for the eyes of Britishers and of buyers from all over the world. Scattered among this array of ingenuity and enterprise were many remarkable scale models of the empire's leading industrial cities and busiest ports.

The photograph below shows one of the most elaborate of these models—a reproduction in detail of a part of the dock system of Avonmouth, one of the busiest ports on the Bristol Channel in the southwestern part of the British Isles.

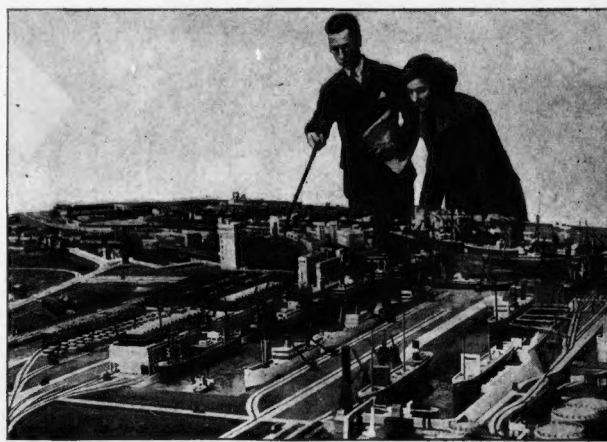
A dozen skilled cabinet makers, metal workers and painters labored on this model for four months. They worked from aerial photographs and maps of Avonmouth in order to get the expensive toy town exactly right.

More than a score of miniature steamers can be seen taking on and discharging cargo at half a dozen different docks. The rail line serving these docks are shown just as they actually are at Avonmouth and even the little steel rails are made to accurate scale and fastened down on tiny wooden ties by spikes no bigger than shoemakers' nails.

Every factory, mill and warehouse in the area is faithfully shown, even to the windows and doors. The system of oil tanks scattered about one of the pier heads is shown, even to the steel rails that circle the tops of the tanks. Little locomotives and cranes have been placed here and there on the network of railway tracks.

This remarkable scale model of one of the busiest of English ports will not be destroyed when the fair closes. If it is not given a permanent place in one of the city's museums it will be carefully taken apart, reassembled and put on permanent public view in Avonmouth, or in the city of Bristol, only a few miles away.

There were several other such models on view at the fair, but none of them occupied so much space, or were worked out in such fine detail as this one. It is estimated that, in time, labor and materials, this toy reproduction of Avonmouth represents an outlay of more than \$10,000.



The Interesting and Very Expensive Model of the Docks and Waterfront Industries at Avonmouth, England, Which Is Being Exhibited at the British Industries Fair in London.

Feudal Island for Sale

BRECHOU, one of those small, bleak islands in the treacherous strip of sea between England and France, is for sale. Its 160 acres, on which there are only two buildings—a store house and a four-roomed bungalow—will be disposed of to the highest bidder. With the broad powers that go with the purchase, the new owner will be a virtual feudal lord with the authority to play king if he chooses to establish a colony on the island.

Under certain restrictions laid down by the British Government, he can rule the place as he sees fit, filling the multiple role of king, judge, general and father confessor to his subjects, if any. He can impose and collect taxes, settle disputes and dictate the social and economic life of the people. His financial responsibility to the British Government would be an absurdly small tax of about \$10 a year.

The waters around Brechou are abundant in fish and the island itself has plenty of game to be hunted for sport and for food. Rabbits are numerous and their fur is of the sort that finds a ready sale in the market.

About the time that Brechou was offered for sale, it also became known that the nearby island of Jethou can be leased from the British Crown. Some years ago this tiny empire, which covers only fifty-four acres, was occupied by Compton MacKenzie, the novelist, who recently made up his mind to go back to London.

With Jethou, whoever leases it will gain control of a pair of nearby islets, too small to be shown on the map but named Pucounnais and Crevichon. Jethou is covered with grass and grows and, at its highest point above sea level, rises 200 feet. On clear days this promontory can be seen from ocean liners steaming into the French port of Cherbourg.

The tenant of this island, like the man who takes up residence on Brechou, will be overlord of his insular empire. He will have the power to build up a little community if he chooses, and if he prefers to keep the island to himself he may forbid anyone, except a personal representative of the King of England, to land on his shores.

Both Brechou and Jethou are much nearer the French coast than they are to the British Isles. In fact their very names are French, but since the days when England's mighty armada won control of the strip of water that separates her from the continent, those islands have been British property.

Science Now Studies Human Eyebrows and Eyelashes



The First Classification Ever Made Reveals Five Standard Types of Eyebrow, Some Distinctly Masculine, Others Feminine

And then the lover, Sighing like furrow, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow.
—As You Like It, Act II, Scene I.

WHEN Shakespeare wrote of the lowly youth's ode to his lady's eyebrow, he did not know what science has just found out about eyebrows. While almost everything else about the human face, skin, hair and figure has been studied by scientists, the eyebrow has been overlooked. But Professor V. Suk and Mr. P. Rozprym, of the Anthropological Institute of Masaryk University, in Czechoslovakia, have been examining eyebrows and have made some curious discoveries.

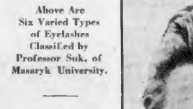
Never before has anyone taken the trouble to classify the shapes of eyebrows or to study these shapes in connection with family inheritance or race. Eyelashes, too, have their stories to tell to scientists as well as the eyebrows. Heretofore these facial adornments had been left to poets and artists to discuss and picture, but now a hair's eyebrow has taken on scientific significance.

Professor Suk is a well-known scientist, and has studied diseases and racial conditions among the Eskimos of the Arctic and savage races in the tropics. This learned anthropologist, with his assistant, Mr. Rozprym, has examined and classified the eyebrows of 470 persons, men, women and children, among the inhabitants in the neighborhood of the university town of Brno. As Professor Suk had suspected, shapes and peculiarities of eyebrows are not a matter of bit or mis accident, but have been found to fall into a number of easily distinguishable classes which have important racial and hereditary significance.

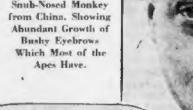
Eleven separate types of eyebrows have been identified. Five of these types are of commonest occurrence and the others are relatively rare. And in addition to these, separate types have been found having certain individual peculiarities which were not classified as standard and recurring types.



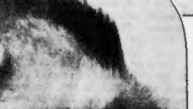
Long and Curved.



Long and Straight.



Short and Straight.



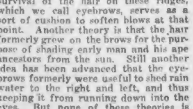
Short and Curved.



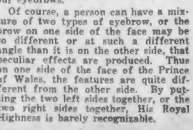
Bent Inwards.



Hooked.

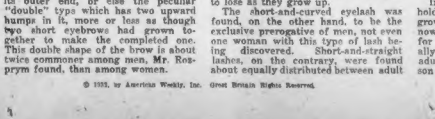
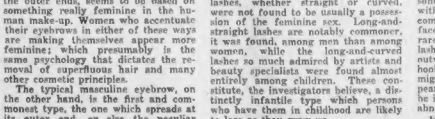
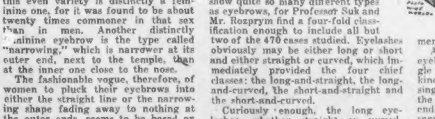
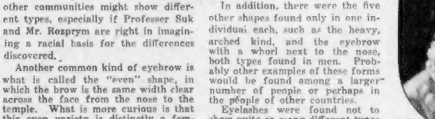
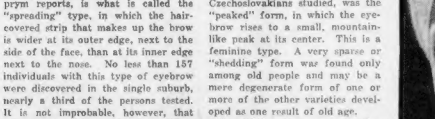
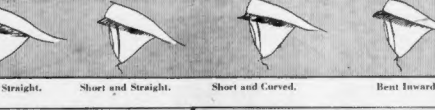


Unsymmetrical.



Profile View of Snub-Nosed Monkey from China. Showing Abundant Growth of Bushy Eyebrows.

Eyebrows of the "Double" Type, Commoner Among Men Than Women.



Why We Have Eyelashes Is Easily Explained, but Why We Have Eyebrows Stumps Science to Satisfactorily Account For

recently to the remarkable fad of lengthening their eyelashes artificially, even by fastening little gold or silver wires to the eyelids to make artificial metallic lashes which may be an inch or two long.

Let it be taken, however, as an extreme example of feminine foolishness in the search of beauty, there may be mentioned the case, discussed a year or two ago by Dr. F. Knutson, of Stockholm, of a man who had a wig of false hair literally sewed into his scalp with gold wires, each new hair being attached to a tiny golden wire which then was fastened into the scalp by a surgical operation. The immediate result is said to have been all that might be desired, the former bald pate being covered by a thick head of hair, each anchored firmly by the wire imbedded in the scalp.

Dr. O. L. Tinkelpaugh of Yale University reports an instance of a monkey busying himself with improving the countenance of his female mate.

The two animals had shared one cage for a time, when it was observed that tufts of hair on the cheeks and eyebrows of the female were beginning to disappear. A little watching disclosed the reason. The male monkey was biting them out, thus reshaping the eyebrows and other decorations of his companion closer to what seemed beautiful to him.

Some scientists are paying attention to these matters do not concern, of course, either the motive or the method of improving appearance. They are interested, on the contrary, chiefly in the way in which such things as the shapes or lengths of eyebrows or eyelashes are inherited from one generation to the next.

Everyone knows that in a general way children do resemble their parents, and that the family into which they are born, so that peculiarities like red hair or a certain shape of feature tend to run in families. When, however, to sort out things precisely, many difficulties are encountered. Some items presumably inherited seem to be modified, in part at least, by other influences.

Students of heredity are puzzled on the lookout for new items of this kind. For one thing, there are many things which are not inherited, but are acquired in the course of life. A child is disposed in matters involving will and character to be influenced by his environment. Scientists are called into court to testify about such signs of such inheritance. All too often no such sure sign can be discovered and the scientist has to confess as official testimony that on a loss of basis of ordinary testimony.

Another thing, better knowledge of these matters might result from the study of the mixture and development in past ages of races and nations now on earth. Better knowledge of these matters might result from the study of the mixture and development in past ages of races and nations now on earth.

In any event, the eyelash scientists are not so much concerned with the growth of eyelashes as they are with the growth of eyebrows. That would be possible, perhaps, for people who never grow up, especially for men, but not for the average adult woman. Which may be the reason why women in Paris have taken

When Eyebrows Are Not the Same on Each Side of the Face.

Commonest of all eyebrow shapes among the persons studied, Mr. Rozprym reports, is what is called the "evening" type, in which the hair-covered strip that makes up the brow is wider at its outer edge, next to the side of the face, than at its inner edge next to the nose. No less than 157 individuals with this type of eyebrow were discovered in the single suburb, nearly a third of the persons tested. It is not improbable, however, that other communities might show different types, especially if Professor Suk and Mr. Rozprym are right in imagining a racial basis for the differences discovered.

Another common kind of eyebrow is what is called the "even" shape, in which the brow is the same width clear across the face from the nose to the temple. What is more curious is that this even variety is distinctly a feminine one, for it was found to be about twenty times commoner in that sex than in men. Another distinctly feminine eyebrow is the type called "narrowing," which is narrower at its outer end, next to the temple, than at the inner one close to the nose.

The fashionable vogue, therefore, of women to pluck their eyebrows into the straight line or the narrowing shape fading away to nothing at the outer ends, seems to be based on something really feminine in the human make-up. Women who accentuate their eyebrows in either of these ways are making themselves appear more feminine, which presumably is the same psychology that dictates the removal of superfluous hair and many other types which have two or three humps in it, more or less as though two short eyebrows had grown together to make the completed one.

This double shape of the brow is about twice commoner among men, Mr. Rozprym found, than among women.

The only other common form of eyebrows, at least among the 470 Czechoslovakians studied, was the "peaked" form, in which the eyebrow rises to a small, mountain-like peak at its center. This is a feminine type. A very sparse or "shedding" form was found only among old people and may be a more degenerate form of one or more of the other varieties developed as one result of old age.

In addition, there were the five other shapes found only in one individual each, such as the heavy, arched kind, and the eyebrow with a whorl next to the nose, both types found in men. Probably other examples of these forms would be found among a larger number of people or perhaps in the people of other countries.

Eyebrows were found not to show quite so many different types as eyebrows, for Professor Suk and Mr. Rozprym found a four-fold classification enough to include all but two of the 470 cases studied. Eyebrows obviously may be either long or short and either straight or curved, which immediately provided the four chief classes: the long-and-straight, the long-and-curved, the short-and-straight and the short-and-curved.

Curiously enough, the long eyelashes, whether straight or curved, were not found to be usually a possession of the feminine sex. Long-and-straight lashes are notably commoner it was found, among men than among women, while the long-and-curved lashes so much admired by artists and beauty specialists were found almost entirely among women. These conditions, the investigators believe, are distinctly infantile type which persons who have them in childhood are likely to lose as they grow up.

The short-and-curved eyelash was found, on the other hand, to be the exclusive prerogative of men, not even one woman with this type of lash being discovered. Short-and-straight lashes, on the other hand, were found about equally distributed between adult

They'll Eat You If They Catch You



Papuan Counsellors of the Tribe Fore-gathered in the Great White Hall, the Community Centre, Where Raids Are Planned, as Well as Tribal Coups.



A Papuan Warrior in Full Regalia, Plumed and Painted, and Hopeful That If Victory in Battle Is Attained There Will Be a Cannibal Feast.



A Killing House, Where Prisoners Intended for the Table of the Cannibals Are Dispatched With Ceremonial Rites.

MOST people believe that cannibalism is a practise that went out with witch burning. Once in a while they read stories of explorers who happened to fall into the hands of some jungle tribe and who paid for their love of adventure by being served up in a stew in an orgy started by the thumping of drums and the shrieking of grotesquely painted medicine men. But they don't believe what they read. They take such yarns as fiction served up as fact by imaginative writers.

It may be that some of these stories are fashioned from hearsay, or even from thin air. But there still are cannibals in the world, and these man-eating human stage a barbecue every time they get their hands on a white man.

riors while he was returning to his claim with a party of eighteen half-civilized natives who had, by contact with the white man, lost their appetite for human blood.

Baum and twelve of his men were killed by poisoned arrows. Their bodies were carried into the center of the village and roasted over a huge bonfire. The warriors and their women and children stuffed themselves on white meat and black. One of Baum's men who managed to escape made his way back to the coast and related the orgy in all its details to white officials in New Guinea.

This authenticated story, which recently was published in the "China Journal" under the name of Arthur De C. Sowerby, goes on to say that the Kooka-kooka tribesmen, particularly savage folk of Papuan cannibals, had planned to kill and eat the German prospector for months. During his first couple of visits to their country they feigned friendliness be-

cause they were fascinated by his powerful physique. Baum, himself, on one of his trips back to the coast, told

of hobnobbing with the woolly-headed head-hunters, and bluffed that they regarded him as a sort of half-god because of his unusual strength. He sat down to one of their feasts with them—this time the dish was roast wild pig—and many of the warriors rubbed their food over his powerful arms and chest before they ate it, believing that they would gain something of his strength by so doing.

Some weeks after the Kooka-kooka found on the husky sealer for gold, a pilot of the New Guinea Airways, a fellow named Trist had to make a forced landing near a native village called Zenag. A wandering band of head-hunters, hunting for wild pigs, saw the plane fall and ran to the spot where it landed in a tangle of jungle foliage. They led him into the village and to the hut of

the chief, who immediately declared a tribal holiday. Trist was run through with a spear and roasted in the same manner as Baum.

Many days later a heavily armed party searching for the pilot and his plane came to the village, saw the skeleton of Trist in the ashes of the ceremonial fire and found his head unrecognizing the chief's hut. A fight ensued and six of the tribesmen were taken back to the coast and executed.

These familiar with the ways of the South Sea Island cannibals say that the custom of eating human flesh is not an entirely vicious or religious one with the Papuans. Meat is scarce in this part of the world and the wild pig is about the only source of supply. The tribesmen crave the taste of flesh and they have learned by long experience that human flesh—"long pig," they call it—tastes good. They like it as much as their great-grandfathers did and they dine on it whenever they see a good chance to do so.

Her Face on Spanish Bonds

WHEN the city fathers of this city in what is now the Spanish Republic found themselves faced by the necessity to issue several million dollars' worth of civic bonds, they summoned a prominent artist to design the securities.

Of course these bonds could not bear the likeness of the ousted King Alfonso or any of his royal ilk. And it would be just as improper, now that Spain had rid itself of a ruling house, to decorate the issue with the profiles of any of the country's celebrated generals or statesmen whose achievements were bound up with the regime of the Hapsburgs.

After much discussion it was decided that the best picture to put on the bonds was the likeness of a beautiful woman—no particular woman, but someone with a face that reflected character and dignity as well as charm.

The artist knew the ideal face for the purpose. It was the face not of some heauteous Spanish senorita, but of an actress named Lillian Ellis, a young woman who was born in a cottage in Wales, but who had made her first notable success as an actress on the stage of a theatre in Madrid. She was dark. Her face had classic mold and her eyes were filled with a sort of calm fearlessness.

Barcelona's city fathers were not so sure that their bonds should be embellished with the features of a musical comedy actress, especially a foreigner. But they agreed to let the artist make some tentative sketches and to bring some photographs of the young woman for their consideration.

Several days later the artist submitted his sketches and the camera portraits of his idea of a feminine face combining beauty, dignity, wisdom and dependability. He laid them before the men who rule Barcelona's destiny at the moment.

These gentlemen studied the pictures long and thoughtfully. To a man they agreed with the artist. Such a face might well serve as the adornment to Barcelona's bonds, and the security of any nation on earth. When the engravings were made and the bonds run off the presses, they would be happy to present the first of the obligations to Senorita Ellis with their compliments.



Miss Lillian Ellis, a Welsh Actress, Whose Striking Beauty Will Be Perpetuated by Spanish Civic Securities, Which Will Be Decorated With a Likeness of the Young Woman.

Phone Wires Strangle Giraffes

THE builders of telephone lines in East Africa do not have to worry about sleet storms that snap wires and break off poles—their problem, comical as it may seem, is to string their lines high enough so that service will not be interrupted by the antics of giraffes.

A few weeks ago a section of a 600-mile telephone line was inaugurated in the Kenya Colony. Thousands of poles had been erected by crews that literally had to cut their way through the tangled jungle. Great coils of wire, borne on the backs of natives, were transported over miles of territory where it would be impossible to travel with automobiles. In the sweltering heat this wire had been stretched over the poles and everything was in readiness to open the line.

Officials at each end of the line gathered in their new central offices and, with appropriate ceremony, proceeded to declare service in effect by congratulating each other with pretty speeches. They managed to swap only one or two "Are you there?" when the line suddenly went dead.

For several hours the maze of wires on the switchboards was checked and rechecked. And, at last, the investigators found out that the wires, somewhere between the central offices, suddenly had been cut. Crews were sent out to locate the break. They traveled all day through the baking heat and, after the sudden tropical night had fallen, stumbled on the body of a giraffe with its long neck neatly severed by the telephone wires.

It was plain what had happened. The animal, run-

ning over a stretch of grassy veldt had collided with the wire. The force of the impact had snapped the wire and killed the creature.

The crew that started from the other end of the line found two other breaks in the wire. At one spot they came upon the carcasses of two full-grown giraffes. About the neck of one of these animals the wire was tangled and knotted, attesting to the struggle that had taken place when the tallest of earth's creatures found itself involved with man's equipment for peering communication in Darkest Africa.

In another place, the men located another break with a large female giraffe stretched out on the ground. This animal was still alive, but was rapidly bleeding to death.

Which of these victims broke the wire that interrupted the dedication ceremony was not known. But it became clear to the telephone men that they had failed to figure on a serious handicap to phone service in their part of the world. It would be practically impossible to fence in the long line of telephone poles, so the company that had built the line saw that there was only one thing to do—string their wires on poles higher than the heads of the tallest giraffes in that part of the country.

All the poles that had been erected were replaced and the wires to be installed over the rest of the 600-mile stretch will be fastened to poles more than 30 feet high.



Mayor Jennings, of Augusta, Georgia, and Senator Marcus Coddige, of Massachusetts, Inspecting the "Hand of Death" on the Old Slave Market Pillar.

Augusta's Mysterious "Hand of Death"

SHORTLY after the close of the Civil War a cyclone hit Augusta, Georgia, and, along with other property, destroyed the city's once busy slave market. The only thing left standing in the market was a heavy stone pillar which, for years, had borne the print of a bloody hand, supposedly left by some black man sold into bondage.

This stone was something of a landmark and it was decided to move it to another part of the city where it should stand as a sort of memorial to those who lost their lives in the cyclone. A wandering preacher by the name of Miller Wills heard of the decision to move the pillar and, in the course of one of his spirited and prophetic sermons warned the city fathers not to change the location of the relic of a day when men were enslaved and bartered in open market. "Whoever touches the Pillar of the Hand of Death," he warned, "shall be stricken dead."

The good people of Augusta—with the exception of some superstitious negroes— scoffed at these words. But the scoffers were not so numerous when two husky negroes who were given the job of moving the relic were found dead after their first day's work on the job. They had moved the stone exactly one block before the dire prediction of the preacher came true.

Some years later, in 1901 to be exact, plans were made for beautifying the city and again the question of moving the Pillar of the Hand of Death came up.

The city government voted to have the object moved to a place of honor in front of the city hall. The fear of the old warning had more or less died out and two workmen—white men—tackled the job. They had not budged the pillar an inch when a thunder storm broke over the city and a lightning bolt crashed to earth within a few inches of the thing. Both workmen were instantly killed.

During the 30 years or more since this tragedy there have been several moves of the old relic up the city hall, but the city officials have, it is said, found no one particularly eager to take the contract.

Within the past few weeks, however, they have received a letter from a New York City contractor who is ready and willing to move the pillar. His name is Sammy Schiff and, a few years ago, he was making something of a name for himself as a lightweight boxer.

Schiff is no believer in superstition. He believes that the deaths attributed to the pillar had nothing to do with the prophecy of the examining evangelist and that it is absurd for Augusta to leave its landmark where it is, if the citizens would rather have it set up before their city hall.



Sammy Schiff, New York City Contractor and ex-Fugitive, Who Offers to Remove the Pillar in Spite of the Fact That All Previous Attempts Have Been Followed by Tragedy.

Lydia Locke's Latest Exploit

Restless and Spectacular Career With Five Husbands, One of Whom She Shot, a Bogus Baby Plot, and an Endless Series of Squabbles, Fights and Contests in the Courts

Attractive Photograph of Mrs. Lydia Locke-Talbot-Harold-Marks-Dornblaser-Marinovic Contemplating Her Charms in a Mirror.

IN the first days of July each year, the "Old Farmers' Almanac" always predicted "thunder storms with heavy squalls." And so anybody writing a social almanac might safely predict any year, and at almost any time, "storms and heavy squalls" in the career of Lydia Locke. Running true to form, this remarkable woman has once again turned up in the courts in her customary spectacular way.

If the court records were not within reach to prove it, many would doubt that it was likely or even possible for one American woman to do so many extraordinary things and get herself into so many exciting complications, all in one not very long lifetime. But that is the way Lydia lives her life, and all her variegated exploits seem just as natural and necessary to her as the hum-drum, monotonous, uneventful life is to those who never get onto the front page of a newspaper.

It was in the New York Supreme Court the other day that Lydia enlivened the solemn legal atmosphere by appearing and requesting that she be set free from her present husband. Yes, Lydia knew what the law of New York requires, and she was prepared to furnish evidence good and plenty of her husband's delinquencies.

Lydia has been, among other things, an opera star playing dramatic parts, and now she had cast herself for the part of dramatic heroine in this newest real-life drama. Lydia told the judge that she had gathered together her dear friend, Miss Madeline Collins, and a private detective, and had suddenly invaded her husband's fashionable Park Avenue apartment. Her husband, she testified, was not in full dress to receive callers, and seemed quite embarrassed as Lydia strode past him to a bed, threw back the covers with dramatic gesture, and as she beheld a lovely form and recognized it as one of her best friends, cried: "Oh, it's you, Vivian!"

While Lydia fully expected to find her husband not alone, yet apparently she was taken by surprise when the companion turned out to be Lydia's dear friend Vivian. Words followed which are not customarily heard in polite society, and then Lydia decided to make a thorough job of it and she ripped off the silver garment Vivian was wearing, all kinds of a look, and the ruiding party departed with what they felt sure was evidence plenty for Lydia's divorce suit.

It ought to be explained at once that this last husband which Lydia is now shaking loose from is her fifth, and his name is Mr. Carlo Marinovic, a wealthy shipping magnate of the present moment who is in Paris. But before Mr. Marinovic annexed her, four other men had wished to marry lovely Lydia Locke, the opera singer, and twice down. Lydia provided her, but nobody settled down for a minute, except Hubby No. 1, who did so permanently with a bullet through his liver. Lydia provided the bullet. Hubby No. 4 finally settled down, too, with a bullet which he provided for himself.

Not a dull moment for these husbands; something doing all the time. One of the most charming qualities in a wife is considered to be her ability to distract her husband's mind from business cares. The first four husbands agreed that she outwatches all other women at this.

No matter what awful business problem might be bounding these husbands as they turned the latch-key of their homes, little wife Lydia came to

meet them with a piece of news that instantly knocked all other troubles out of their minds.

It might be a pistol bullet, a bogus baby, a divorce, or just a fist fight she had had with the janitor or a chauffeur, but it was sure to be new and unexpected and furnished a thrill. Yet none of the husbands seemed to appreciate it. Every man applauded, and laughs at that kind of wife in a picture or some other man's home, where she is the life of the party, but not in his own.

Husband No. 3, ditty and batty-eyed at the hectic life, offered her \$100,000 if, for just one year, she would quit down enough to let him give a taste thought to business. This was after they had been divorced and she was not supposed to bother him any more, anyhow. Some people thought this was easy money, but it was not. Within six months the strain of self-suppression became insupportable to Lydia and she blew up worse than ever.

Lydia Locke, some forty-odd years ago, was born in Hannibal, Mo., of modest parents who little knew what they had developed. As a little girl she carried a voice of great range and power which she used successfully in getting anything she wanted around the house. Later it got her onto the concert platform and she had some success in the Western towns while she was still in her teens. That voice caught the ear of Reginald W. Talbot, known as "Lord," and, sometimes, "Prince" Talbot.

Talbot was a tall, handsome Englishman with lovely and even princely manners, and while his title might not stand investigation in England they were good enough around Nevada, where he was a successful and much-admired gambler.

She married "His Lordship" in 1908 and became known as "Lady" Talbot, and there the trouble began. "Lord" Talbot, who was supposed to be descended from the famous Talbot who fought with Joan of Arc and got the worst of it, now fought with his bride. His life as a gambler was vivid and exciting enough so that in his home he insisted for change, on peace and quiet, the two things his wife would not have in the house. At last he got down to first principles and obtained quiet one night, a year after they had been married, by the ancient method of beating her into silence. In the morning she demanded a divorce and left over the Reno lawyer's office. Reno divorces are quick, but this was the quickest that ever was. She obtained her freedom right in their office, with a pistol, and he also got his peace and quiet forevermore.

The proceedings were a little irregu-



Photograph of Lydia and Mr. Arthur H. Marks, Who Was Husband No. 3. This is the most an adopted Baby But Not the One Lydia Tried to Impose on Mr. Marks. This Photograph Was Taken At Their Country Estate, Lockledge, White Plains, N. Y.

Photograph of Much-Married Lydia When She Was an Opera Singer.

lar and the authorities put her on trial for murder. The jury after looking at the head with a slipper, while he hardly scared at all, but then he was handcuffed by his heavy uniform, while she was skating about in her nightgown.

On big suits, as well as little ones, she went to court. She used Julian W. Robbins, the banker, for \$25,000 because the Robbins car bumped hers and broke her leg. The suit was settled out of court, but it would seem to have been easily worth that amount to force such an energetic person to keep quiet for a while.

Every one supposed that the tenor enjoyed these excitements until one day he said that with a punch for divorce, naming as co-respondent Arthur H. Marks, president of the Skinner Organ Company. Mrs. Harold, with her usual speed and enterprise, came right back with a counterclaim making co-respondent everything. To this the tenor replied: "I don't care who you get it, as long as it is gotten."

Lydia Locke Talbot Harold won the divorce and, leaving the singer wifeless but the richer by a lot of experience, married Mr. Marks, who had a lot of money but was somewhat poor in experience. This unbalanced state of things she proceeded to even up for the organ builder. After six years of married life Mr. Marks' nerves showed signs of extreme exhaustion. It is said that he went to Muldoen's famous sanitarium to be built up, but had no more than arrived when his wife called. This was followed and Prof. Muldoen had a

Lydia was soon back in court again in connection with a one-round, no-decision, unannounced bout with a chauffeur over a purse of twenty-five cents. She landed a right-hander on the chauffeur's eyes and hit him on the head with a slipper, while he hardly scared at all, but then he was handcuffed by his heavy uniform, while she was skating about in her nightgown.

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Portrait of Lydia At the Beginning of Her Career.

talk with her. After the talk it is related that he said to his patient: "You'd better pack up. I can't do anything for you. What you need is a divorce."

Whether this is true or not, Mr. Marks gave his wife one, with \$300,000 alimony, a house in New York, an estate in Port Chester and several other bits of property. He supposed that after this he could lead the simple and peaceful life, devoting himself to business.

To his dismay he found that she was on the telephone, calling at his home and office to discuss a thousand matters, which, somehow, needed still to be adjusted. This would not do at all. He might just as well be married. In desperation he made one of the most astonishing financial offers that a man ever made a woman who had no legal claim on him. He put another \$100,000 in trust for her on the condition that she would not bother him or get into the papers in any scandalous way for one year. Most people thought he had kissed all that money goodbyes.

Sure enough, there was peace and silence for nearly six months—ominous silence—because when it broke it was with a thunderclap that made Mr. Marks forget for a while whether he was a manufacturer of organs or chewing gum. His ex-wife baby to prove that he was the father of a child which had been born to her since the divorce.

In case he should be cruel enough to shove him, and a high certificate and, davis, facts, figures, etc., much more devastating evidence than one person in a thousand could produce to prove he was whom he thought he was.

In spite of all this, Mr. Marks was mean enough to hire detectives, who found out that Lydia was mistaken about being the mother of the child, and that she had borrowed it for adoption from the Willow Maternity Hospital of Kansas City. They also stated that the birth certificate and all the other papers were forgeries. The former Mrs. Marks stoutly denied all this until the Kansas City authorities came and recovered the baby by habeas corpus proceedings. Then she admitted that she had made an error

somehow. Anybody is likely to make a mistake.

That was that, but Lydia was on the telephone and at the office again and chiefly she wanted to know how that mistake of hers affected the \$100,000. Mr. Marks decided that she had forfeited it, but, for the sake of peace, if she would go away and not bother him for the remaining six months of the specified time he would compromise by letting her have half of it.

That, too, looked like easy money, and Mr. Marks began to hope that she was actually going to win it. His reason for such optimism was that she had married her secretary, Harry Dornblaser, a much younger person and a sort of soldier of fortune whose motives and intentions Marks did not quite understand. However, he wished Dornblaser luck, for he was now the logical person to receive the strenuous attentions of the former Mrs. Marks.

Dornblaser suddenly came back from Europe, where he and his bride were having their honeymoon. That was all right, but when she followed he simply disappeared. Some months later he ended his life with a bullet in Cleveland, Ohio. Meanwhile, Mr. Marks, deceived by the general peace and quiet in the world, took a chance and was an ominous silence broken by a volcanic eruption in the courts and newspapers.

Just as the final six months' probation period was expiring, a Federal Grand Jury indicted Mrs. Lydia Locke Harold Marks Dornblaser for sending "an obscene as a letter that Attorney Francis Wellman described as 'a poison pen' letter was sent to Mr. Marks, and informed him that his new bride had done all sorts of unmentionable things in various low dives of Paris. It was charged that Lydia wrote the letter and that the Federal agents had a confession from Frances Adams, Mrs. Dornblaser's sister, that she mailed the letter at Bellefontaine, Ohio.

Mr. Marks considered that this forfeited the other \$50,000. But that was not all. His present wife, Mrs. Margaret Hoover Marks, was now mad, and started a suit for \$250,000 against Lydia for defamation of character, which never came to trial. Nor was Lydia ever tried on the poison-tipped letter.

After Marks came Dornblaser, then Marinovic—and when Lydia drops Marinovic out of her busy life, she will step up to the altar and be husband No. 67.

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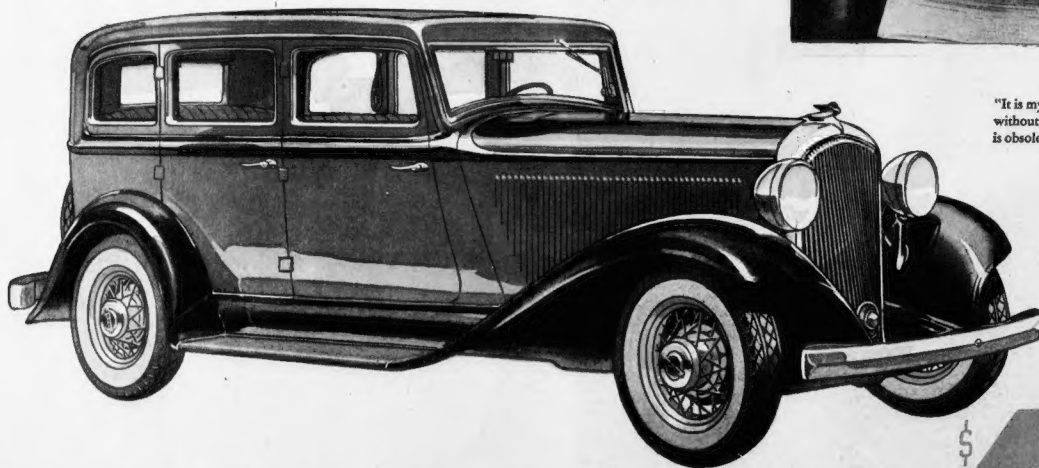
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Legal Standing and
Countless Children
Born Out of
Lawful Wedlock



Mrs. Marion Paxton, Who Suddenly Woke Up One Day to Find She Had Been Divorced and Her Husband Married Again. Her Indignation at Being Tricked by Lawyer Greenspan Started the Investigation Which Wrecked the Divorce Mill on Long Island, New York.

"HOW are you feeling today, Widow Muldoon?" was the cheerful way a fellow laborer in a subway tunnel broke the news that Muldoon had been killed in a dynamite blast. And Mrs. Marion Paxton, of New York, was hardly less startled one day recently when her cousin dropped in and said cheerily: "Well, I see you got your divorce—congratulations, Marion."

"Whose divorce?" asked Mrs. Paxton.

"Why yours, of course. And I hope your husband's new wife gets along with him."

"My husband's new wife? Why, what are you talking about?"

"Come now, Marion, don't be silly. We read it in a Brooklyn paper—Paul's divorce and his marriage to another woman; wait, I've got the clipping here somewhere."

In bewilderment Mrs. Paxton read the newspaper report. Yes, her husband, Philip, had gotten a divorce and married again. The case had been tried in Nassau County, Long Island, and it was Justice Johnson who signed the decree. Stunned by the news, Mrs. Paxton went over to the courthouse at Niagara and timidly asked the court clerk if the papers in the case of Paxton against Paxton were on file there.

"Sure," said the amiable clerk. "Like to see 'em?"

"In a dated state of mind the woman looked the document over."

"Then the Paxtons are surely divorced," she asked.

"They sure are. You know either of 'em?"

"Well, I'm Mrs. Paxton. Or, I thought I was, and certainly used to be. But this is the first I know I am divorced," she said.

"That's all," said the court clerk, now very much interested. "You got no notice about the divorce suit? The law says you must be notified. Why don't you go right up and see the District Attorney about this? Something queer here."

So Mrs. Paxton called on District Attorney Elvin N. Edwards. Edwards knew that the divorce law in the State of New York requires that a husband must prove in court that the wife he wants to get rid of has been guilty of the only offense which permits the complainant to get his divorce. There must have been, he knew, some evi-

dence to convince Justice Johnson that Mrs. Paxton was an unfaithful wife.

Sending for the stenographic notes of the testimony at the divorce trial, he read to Mrs. Paxton some evidence which almost took her breath away. Her husband's lawyer had put a witness on the stand named Thomas Hennessy, Jr., who worked in a lawyer's office and served papers. He had sworn that he visited a house in Brooklyn and saw Mrs. Paxton in a room with a maid, and then and there served her with a notice of the divorce suit.

As Mrs. Paxton had not been in Brooklyn for more than a year, and never in the street named in the testimony, she was indignant that such perjury should have blackened her name, and all without her knowledge. Hennessy was brought before the District Attorney and finally admitted his testimony was without any basis of truth. Even the address he had sworn to was a vacant lot.

"It was all false, false from beginning to end. I never even saw Mrs. Paxton, let alone under conditions I swore to," he confessed.

Hennessy then admitted he had been paid \$25 for his testimony by Lawyer Louis Greenspan, who had told him what he should swear to. And thus the first ray of light was focused on what turned out to be a wholesale divorce mill operated by Attorney Greenspan and in even bigger one run by another lawyer, John L. Stoneham. Greenspan himself had run through the mill more than a thousand divorces. He was equipped to handle any kind of case and present any kind of evidence. In some instances, Greenspan put on his lying witnesses to swear to facts and situations which never existed, as in the case of Mrs. Paxton. In other cases he had the brazen audacity to put a woman on the stand to swear she was "Mrs. Jones" or "Mrs. Brown."

These phantom witnesses impersonated wives when it was desirable to waive any claim for alimony or allowance for children. The lawyer would ask the bogus wife if she desired alimony or allowance for children, and

the witness would say "No." Thus the judge would grant the decree of divorce and specify that the husband need pay nothing for the support of the wife or children.

With Greenspan's arrest, the story came out in the newspapers, and scores of other complaints poured into the office. Greenspan was indicted and convicted of subornation of perjury. Hennessy and Paxton turned state evidence, and they were never brought to trial. Greenspan was sentenced to four years in Sing Sing. This ended his divorce mill.

The arrest and conviction of Greenspan, with its subsequent publicity, were responsible for the closing of the gears of Lawyer Stoneham's otherwise perfect machinery. On the very day that Greenspan was sentenced, Mrs. Edna May Obermeier Clegg Tombs of Elmont, N. Y., had some misgivings about the divorce she had obtained from Frank Clegg, of Ghent, N. Y. The divorce was secured by Stoneham. She had paid the lawyer \$150, her account having been credited with \$85 when she brought her new husband to the mill operator for a divorce from his wife, Myrtle Fayer Tombs. The first Mrs. Tombs never remarried after the divorce had been obtained, but Mrs. Clegg and Tombs were married as soon as the decrees were made final.

Assistant District Attorney Littleton sent for the divorce records in each case. A process server made the affidavit of service in each case. He also testified as to the delinquency of the wife. On the witness stand, he swore that he found Mrs. Clegg's husband in a room at the Hotel Theresa, in New York City, with an unknown woman on the 20th of September, 1930. Stoneham never made his witness fool-proof. That was one of the mistakes he made.

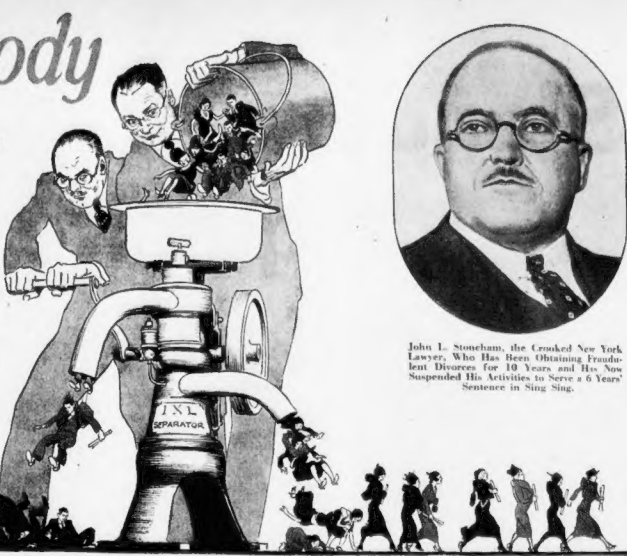
That same night, about eleven o'clock, two detectives brought the automobile to a halt outside Stoneham's handsome suite of offices. Thick carpeted stairs led the way to the waiting room. The two detectives entered. Even at that hour of night, twenty clients were seated waiting to see this divorce king, who guaranteed final decrees of divorce in New York State for \$175. One client was paying her fee, when the detectives walked past a girl at a desk, and into a room marked "Private." The conversation between Stoneham and the detectives was brief.

"Come on, Stoneham, we're from the District Attorney's office. You're wanted. You're wanted." This was all that was said.

Stoneham was questioned by Littleton, but he refused to talk. He was ordered locked up and the following day Stoneham's office records were seized and it was discovered that he had handled approximately 2,000 divorces. Detectives were sent out to question the parties involved and to bring back reports of wholesale bogus divorces.

Stoneham was no piker, as far as he himself was concerned. His office cost \$5,000 to equip. Behind his office was a luxuriously appointed apartment. He traveled in a limousine with a chauffeur. When parties were called, he had two assistants. One carried his brief case, the other his law books, with which he impressed his clients. He never used them in court.

With the arrest of Stoneham, complaints again poured into the District Attorney's office. For three weeks, Littleton remained at his desk eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, questioning witnesses. Then, like the old lady in her bed, he said to many he couldn't see them all. None of the courtrooms



John I. Stoneham, the Crooked New York Lawyer, Who Has Been Obtaining Fraudulent Divorces for 10 Years and His Now Needed, Phantom Women Witnesses Appeared in Sing Sing.

The Bogus Divorce Machinery Set Up by Lawyers Greenspan and Stoneham Worked Without a Hitch. They Provided the Necessary Perjured Testimony and, When Needed, Phantom Women Witnesses Appeared Who Masqueraded as the "Guilty Wives."

Littleton checked every detail. He sent a detective to examine the hotel records, Room 516, where the infidelity was supposed to have been committed. He hadn't been rented for a week prior to or subsequent to that date.

Littleton sent for the Supreme Court calendar and examined it. He found that Stoneham had fifty divorce cases scheduled to come up for trial the next month. If he wanted to prevent further fraudulent divorces he had to act quickly. He summoned if he had enough evidence to convict, because it is sometimes hard to convince a jury of criminal intent.

Tombs and his wife were questioned again. They admitted that they had never seen the witnesses who testified at their respective trials, that Stoneham had introduced them on the day of the trial while they sat outside the county courthouse in the automobile. Stoneham told them all what to say on the witness stand, they admitted to Littleton.

That same night, about eleven o'clock, two detectives brought the automobile to a halt outside Stoneham's handsome suite of offices. Thick carpeted stairs led the way to the waiting room. The two detectives entered. Even at that hour of night, twenty clients were seated waiting to see this divorce king, who guaranteed final decrees of divorce in New York State for \$175. One client was paying her fee, when the detectives walked past a girl at a desk, and into a room marked "Private." The conversation between Stoneham and the detectives was brief.

"Come on, Stoneham, we're from the District Attorney's office. You're wanted. You're wanted." This was all that was said.

Stoneham was questioned by Littleton, but he refused to talk. He was ordered locked up and the following day Stoneham's office records were seized and it was discovered that he had handled approximately 2,000 divorces. Detectives were sent out to question the parties involved and to bring back reports of wholesale bogus divorces.

Stoneham was no piker, as far as he himself was concerned. His office cost \$5,000 to equip. Behind his office was a luxuriously appointed apartment. He traveled in a limousine with a chauffeur. When parties were called, he had two assistants. One carried his brief case, the other his law books, with which he impressed his clients. He never used them in court.

With the arrest of Stoneham, complaints again poured into the District Attorney's office. For three weeks, Littleton remained at his desk eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, questioning witnesses. Then, like the old lady in her bed, he said to many he couldn't see them all. None of the courtrooms

was big enough. He did subpoena, however, Mrs. Alice MacWaywell, of Flushing, N. Y.

Mrs. MacWaywell can furnish the happy ending to this story, but that'll come later. She and her husband separated shortly after they had been married, over one of those little newlyweds' tiffs. She was mad at him, she admits it. And to prove that she hated him, she was going to get a divorce. She went to Stoneham, who sympathized with her and promised her a divorce for \$150 because he was a friend of his secretary.

True to his word, Stoneham got her a divorce, and she remarried. Then, to taunt her former husband, she told him what she had done. He was crazy about her, he visited her new husband in his apartment and gave him the beating of his life. Littleton wouldn't reveal the name of the second husband, because Mrs. MacWaywell pleaded for him. She admitted, however, that she knew that the divorce was bogus, a promise of immunity, agreed to six years in Sing Sing prison. Stoneham's lawyer was spending for the defense, when there was an upsurge in the hallway. Stoneham's right hand man, John O'Connor, a former convict, was arrested. He had tried to bribe Mrs. Tombs not to testify. This proved to be the death blow to Stoneham's defense. When the trial opened the following morning, he pleaded guilty.

Expecting leniency, he promised to cooperate with Littleton and Edwards in straightening out the marital messes for the parties involved, and in the county jail he became odorous and refused to help. He was sentenced to six years in Sing Sing.

This ought to be the final in this tale of the divorce king, but the tragedy lies in the thousands of illegitimate children throughout the state, because in each instance where there was a marriage subsequent to the fraudulent divorce, the children are legitimate. They can be legitimized, however, but the procedure will entail years of work on the parts of the courts, and thousands of dollars expenditure for the parties involved.

If the parties to the fraudulent divorce have gone through a subsequent marriage ceremony, they will have to start independent divorce actions, one against the other, and name the present mates as correspondents before the subsequent marriage is annulled.

According to attorneys, because under the law of the state of New York, a defendant in a divorce action cannot remarry during the lifetime of the defendant. In order, therefore, to validate the subsequent marriage and legitimate children by the second marriage, the plaintiff in the original divorce action must sue the original defendant. The latter could not remarry in the state. Therefore to make the second marriage valid, the former



Pearl White, the Vivacious Movie Star, Whose Case Started the Wreck of Another Prosperous Mill Several Years Ago When She Divorced Major "Wallie" McCutcheon.

defendant must in turn start a subsequent divorce action against the plaintiff, naming the latter's second mate as correspondent. What a mess! But every story should have a happy ending, and this will be no exception. When Mrs. Waywell realized the mistake she had made in her life, she asked her husband's forgiveness. And he, who had ever loved her, welcomed her back. Outside the district attorney's office they made up. She placed her hand on his shoulder and sobbed aloud, heedless of the crowd that stared. Today, they are living happily together again after a second honeymoon.

The yearning for divorce has encouraged crooked lawyers to establish divorce mills here and there around the country for many years. Not long ago two Rhode Island lawyers, L. W. Horton and E. P. Dougherty, were convicted of running a fraudulent divorce factory. They obtained divorces for more than 300 persons, mostly women, works on each case. The public attorney attending the quick divorce of "Wallie" McCutcheon, who started the downfall of Horton and Dougherty, Miss White gave her residence as "Rhode Island," and it developed that her residence there consisted of merely a few gay trips to Narragansett Pier.

In New York State, professional correspondents make a good living by getting "legitimate" divorces. They furnish the necessary divorce evidence. How innocent husbands are sometimes "framed" in this way was revealed in the confession a year or two ago that her residence there consisted of merely a few gay trips to Narragansett Pier. Mrs. Weinberg's raiding party was to find them. But at the last minute Peters got the faint and thereby fluster and Mrs. Weinberg was denied her divorce.

Slender, exquisite her figure



*But
her skin, Tragic!*

By Julia Foster★

Lithe, beautifully molded . . . a simply captivating figure. I watched her with delight. But as I drew nearer the whole illusion was ruined. What a tragedy—her skin! How I longed to tell her about a daily treatment I learned from a famous beauty expert.

* * *

Don't ever let your skin reach the "tragic" stage. No woman has the right to do that these days. You'll be surprised what a little time and the right kind of daily care will do to keep your skin supple and youthful . . . free of blemishes.

Here, for instance, is a two-minute treatment endorsed by leading beauty specialists:

Use your hands to massage a lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water into the skin. Work it in, gently. Then rinse away lather, dirt and oil . . . with warm water, followed by cool. For dry skin, a little olive oil at night. In the morning, your regular make-up. But never, never—till after this correct foundation cleansing!

Read the panel at the right. It tells you why 20,000 beauty experts endorse the above treatment.

For the next 10 days won't you indulge in this daily care . . . for face and bath? Then—feel your skin. Revel in its smoothness, its loveliness. A "tragic" skin? Not for you! Use Palmolive . . . for a skin free of blemishes, satin-smooth.

PALMOLIVE

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion



What a shame she didn't know this

This much OLIVE OIL
goes into every cake of
Palmolive Soap

Here the camera shows you the exact amount of olive oil that goes into every cake of Palmolive. This is why women consider Palmolive as more than a soap—a priceless beauty treatment. Blended with this olive oil are oils from palm trees—just enough to give a thick, rich, workable lather. No other fats whatsoever.

Every cake marked
Do other soaps offer you this? Do other soaps stamp, right on the cake, in plain letters, the reassuring words: "made of olive and palm oils"? Palmolive does! Its very color is the natural green of olive and palm oils—nothing else. No artificial coloring!

Too often soaps have a heavy scent that quarrels with the odor of your favorite perfume. But Palmolive is pure! Sweet! Naturally fragrant!

Advised by beauty experts
All this explains why over 20,000 beauty experts have recommended Palmolive Soap as the ideal way to keep complexions lovely.



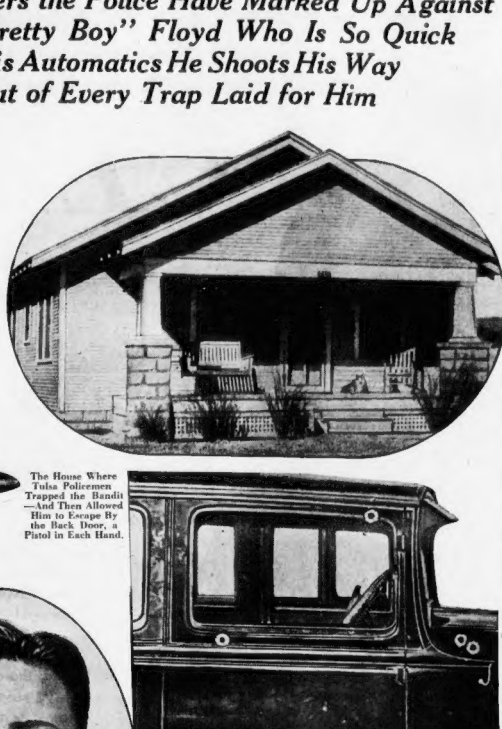
★ Julia Foster has interviewed over 2,500 beauty experts in the past two years. She attends beauty conventions, is in and out of many restaurants, clubs, theaters. Her information on beauty subjects is authentic. It deserves your careful reading.

William's Two-Gun Killer

Eleven Murders the Police Have Marked Up Against Young "Pretty Boy" Floyd Who Is So Quick With His Automatics He Shoots His Way Out of Every Trap Laid for Him



Pearl Anne Nite Discovered With Floyd One Night and Discovers Her Partner Was Wearing a Steel Vest Underneath His Clothes. This Feature Party Accounts for His Successful Escapes from Many Police Battles.



The House Where Tulsa Policemen Trapped the Bandit—And Then Allowed Him to Escape By the Back Door With Pistol in Each Hand.



The Oklahoma Police Had Floyd Trapped. They Surrounded the House and Threw a Tear-Gas Bomb Through the Window. But Floyd Opened the Back Door, Stood Leaning Against the House for a Moment With a Gun in Each Hand and Stolely Slept His Eyes Right and Left at the Police. And Then Marched Safely Away Without Interference.

TULSA, Oklahoma. WHEN the Oklahoma authorities found the bullet-punctured body of Irv Kelley, former Sheriff of McIntosh County, the other day, they marked up murder No. 11 in their unofficial account with Charles Floyd, Oklahoma outlaw. This young desperado, who is a mild-mannered, rather attractive-looking cutthroat, is known as "Pretty Boy" Floyd, and any police officer who attempts to arrest him knows he had better see that his life insurance policy is paid up before he tackles the job. The success of Floyd in his repeated getaways lies in the fact that he is a two-gun fighter and incredibly quick "on the draw"—and he wears a steel vest under his shirt.

This latest exploit of the young terror of this section of the country was the result of an effort to trap him at the home of his father-in-law, Ben Hargrave. Officer Kelley had led a posse to the farmhouse, but had decided after a search that Floyd was not there. Kelley had dismissed the members of the posse when Floyd suddenly appeared with a companion, Earl Birdwell, a bank robber, shot Kelley and made his escape in an automobile. This was the second gun battle with Tulsa police within sixty days, and Floyd slipped through their fingers unharmed in each instance.

No officer of the law enjoys the prospect of an encounter with "Pretty Boy," who usually travels in an armored automobile with two machine guns handy and his two 45-caliber Colt automatics in holsters swung on his belt. With his fast car and modern shooting equipment, Floyd is a much more deadly proposition than Jesse James, "Billy the Kid" or any of the famous desperados of olden days.

Nursed on the tales of the bloody and lawless Henry Starr, Al Jennings, the Dalton brothers, and other notorious characters of the gun-fighting Southwest, Floyd has seized upon modern weapons to make himself even more feared than the most bloodthirsty of the old-time desperadoes. He has been his reign of fear that the Oklahoma National Guard was ordered to turn over war equipment—machine guns, tear bombs, rifles—to the sheriff of the State who took to his heels. Cooperation of the guard was promised, and the peace officers of the State organized a statewide manhunt, but all to no avail. National Guard planes joined the chase, but he was not to be caught. Floyd is still at liberty with his quick-fire armory.



Charles Arthur "Pretty Boy" Floyd, Oklahoma Bandit.

derous bandits of the gun-toting times, went bad, and in turn were killed. In such an environment Floyd grew to manhood. His name first appears in the official records on the marriage license rolls. He was barely twenty when, defying her parents, well-to-do farmers in the open, law-abiding country north of his birth, he married a pretty sixteen-year-old Oklahoma girl. After his marriage there is no record of his actions until they drifted apart several years later and the young wife left him.

Sick at heart, angered with mankind, and recalling the criminal careers of other days, young Floyd went to Kansas City, Mo., where so many other hill-boys had matriculated in the higher arts of crime. It was in that city that Floyd's first clash with the law was recorded. It ended disastrously. He stole an automobile and was sentenced to the Missouri penitentiary. There, like hundreds of others, he took his Ph. D. in crime.

Liberated a few years later, "Pretty Boy" entered the racket which was honeycombing the country and became a criminal of the petty type. But he was not destined to remain unknown for long. He killed a man in Ohio and was sentenced to the penitentiary for a long term. The rugged galleries of the Southwest do not let Floyd's first victim, but it is duly recorded that he escaped the Buckeye prison and quickly launched upon a career of crime that has been comparatively short but extremely bloody. It has cost at least eleven men their lives, and insurance companies have paid out several hundred thousand dollars to banks that he robbed.

During his term in prison Floyd's father was slain in a mountain feud. There was no man left in the mountain home to exact vengeance on the killer, but two sisters were quick to inform Floyd of the slaying. There is no proof that Floyd followed the tradition of the hill country, but shortly after his escape from prison, the slayer of his father disappeared without a trace. Officers of the law drew their own conclusions and Floyd was kept hidden by his hill clan. He was twenty-four years old then.

Floyd soon tired of the monotony of the hills, despite his many conquests among the women of the mountains, who regarded him as a hero. He turned to the life of a professional gambler, but his thoughts turned to the easy money of the racket. William and Wallace Ash, two gangster brothers, put two more notches on the old-time gunman's belt. The brothers were "rubbed out." But in fleeing gangland's vengeance Floyd was lured to a hotel room where two Federal dry agents awaited him. Realizing he was cornered, he removed his hat and with a quick flip hurled it to a far corner of the room.

"Follow that," he snarled. Curtis C. Burkes, one of the agents, let his eye follow the hat. Floyd, drawing his gun with speed rivaling that of the old-time gunman, shot him dead. The other agent returned the fire and a negro, M. Wilson, stepped in the line of fire and was killed by the bullet Floyd meant for the Federal man. The agent was wounded and Floyd escaped.

From that time on, behind every bush and tree and in every auto parked before an Oklahoma bank, looked "Pretty Boy" Floyd, armed with the machine gun which had become his hallmark. Every bank robbery was a rib to Floyd, every curly-haired, pretty-faced youth was identified as the killer. It is doubtful if the true number of "jobs" he pulled will ever be known.

Floyd's fame spread. When six officers were killed in Springfield, Mo., in a gun battle with the young brothers, who later committed suicide in Houston, Tex., Floyd was identified as one of the defenders of the Young farm home by an officer who escaped the deadly hail of bullets.

The hero of a new saga of the Southwest, Floyd is doing his best to live up to his reputation. A few weeks ago four Tulsa, Okla., detectives accidentally found Floyd and his companions. Lieut. Lon Elliott, Sergeant George Stewart and Detectives Wade Foy and Wilbur Wilson were cruising the negro district looking for a burglar suspect when they stopped a suspicious looking car and looked into the murderous eyes of "Pretty Boy" peering at them over the sights of his deadly 45.

While his companion drove the car, Floyd battled the four officers, dangerously wounding Wilson, and escaping in the running fight which followed. Two days later two other detectives chanced upon Floyd's car. The resulting gunfight lasted several minutes through the city streets, and "Pretty Boy" rattled the officers' car with machine-gun bullets. One burst of fire narrowly missed a group of children playing in the road.

With hundreds of tips pouring into the Tulsa police station, one authentic lead took officers to the northside residential district, where a woman reported she had seen a bullet-riddled auto limp into a garage a few hours after the running gun fight. Two men, she said, had spent all day repairing the car in the garage.

Happened they had at last cornered the scourge of the Southwest, Tulsa police surrounded the house. Letting a woman and child walk out of the building, they hurled a tear bomb through a window. A few moments later "Pretty Boy" opened the back door, armed and leaning against the house for a moment with a gun in each hand, and slowly swept his eyes right and left at the police. And then marched safely away without interference.

One member of the posse, after Floyd had escaped, phoned the police station and resorted to hasty to the scene, captured a woman and child. Floyd, after the years of separation. She denied her identity, but the seven-year-old boy, Jackie, showed a picture of Floyd and said "That's my daddy."

Neighbors who saw the pair leave the house and walk by the posse have since identified a third man seen in their company as Fred Barker, a known killer of a Missouri sheriff, wanted for questioning in half a dozen other crimes.

The Floys had been good neighbors for several weeks, reported residents in the neighborhood. Mrs. Floyd had gone to the bank with the children, and Jackie had played with the children in the back yard. Floyd himself had been a jovial, welcome visitor in many homes, pleasant voiced, and entertaining company. They had lived under the name of Jackson.

Floyd has again disappeared after the recent killing of Irv Kelley and Oklahoma now is holding its breath, awaiting the next outbreak of "Pretty Boy's" activity. No one knows where he will strike, nor how.

At Earlsboro he attended church one Sunday, ignoring the fact he was the most-wanted man in the State, and left a large bill in the collection plate. On the streets of Weverka, where the merchants know him as their best customer, he pistol-whipped a fourteen-year-old boy from his seat on a milk wagon because the youth balked into his car. He distributes money to the needy in his home district, raiding banks when his funds run low. On

one occasion he went into Weverka when Birdwell's father had died, and there dispersed an officer who attempted to stop them. Immediately after the Morris bank raid, "Pretty Boy" and Birdwell drove openly into Seminole and sat while a hearty breakfast was cooked and eaten.

Oklahoma officers are wearing their holsters tied to their hips these days, hoping Floyd will fall before their fire. The man who kills "Pretty Boy" will be much richer, and his name will go down in the annals of the State whose history is replete with the deeds of men who were fast on the draw, and officers who were faster.

But Floyd has demonstrated that there are few men who can teach him anything about a pistol or a machine gun.

Young Floyd has had great luck in escaping bullets from the police. And the secret was partly revealed by a discovery made by a pretty Wichita girl, Pearl Anne Nite, who happened to dance with the smiling, care-free young bandit at Muskogee, Oklahoma. As she put her arm around his waist her fingers felt a steel vest underneath his coat and shirt. This struck her as open to only one conclusion, and she charged him with being a racketeer. Floyd laughed but made no comment.

"We saved dollars by spending CENTS!"

By a girl who kept her job after marriage

"If you're anything like Eddie and me, you're hunting for new ways to save money this year. So maybe you'll be interested in an experiment we made. It certainly paid us!

"Of course we could have sold the car—and walked. But the main reason why I kept on working after we got married was to be able to keep the car. Without it, we'd never have seen some of our friends—and we'd have missed lots of good times.

"Yet we just had to cut down somewhere. And in particular we had to stop *unexpected* bills coming in. As Eddie said, those are the things that break the budget's back.

"I was the one who suggested using ESSO. Not that I know anything about the mechanics of a car, or about gasoline. But I've done enough buying of supplies for the office, and of food and things at home, to know that often it pays to pay a little more in the beginning.

"Before springing it on Eddie, though, I quizzed Bob. That's my brother—he knows cars inside out. What he said settled it. He told me that if all cars used ESSO, the mechanics at his garage would be a lot less busy doing costly repair jobs.

"Didn't take long to line Eddie up. 'If you think we can save money by treating ourselves to ESSO's pep and power, that's OK with me,' he said with a grin. 'Wish all our economies were as painless as this promises to be.'

"That was last September. Eight months are plenty to convince us we were right. No more carbon-and-valve jobs—no fixing this and fixing that—less oil to buy (because the motor's cooler, Bob says)—and even less gasoline—ESSO actually has improved our mileage, too!

"And on the road—say! We haven't been passed on Two-Mile Hill in eight months—the cop at the crossing grins at us every time the light turns green—and we've cut ten minutes off our best time to the shore.

"Pay as you go' has been a grand policy for us. We've saved *dollars* by spending *cents*. Just one more tip—when I say ESSO, I mean ESSO. There's nothing like it!"

it Pays to use



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MORE POWERFUL THAN ANY GASOLINE

The New Short Evening Wraps

Authoritative and Newest Fashions From the Studios of the Most Distinguished French Creators,

Drawn by Soulie, Foremost Fashion Artist of Paris



This Gown from Mirande is in Bianchini's "Matmira," a Dull-Surfaced Satin, Rather Like "Angeli-Skin." The Gown is Slim in Line, and Has a Finely Platted Ruffle at the Hem, with the Back of the Skirt Slightly Longer, Forming a Little Train. The Short Waisted Bodice is Beaded in White Beads. Over This is Worn a Little Cape of "Raghuera," in the Same Color. This is Outlined with Silver Fox, Which Crosses in Front, Flies Fashion, and Stands Up High Around the Neck in the Back.

PARIS, April 22.

THE popularity of the short evening wrap, designed to be worn with the gown, is as great as ever. Reports from the Riviera, indeed, mention the fact that hardly an evening dress is seen without some sort of little accompanying wrap, whether it be a jacket, bolero, cape, or fichu.

Fashion, at present, calls for the veiling of the shoulders. This was interpreted in a novel manner in the first Summer collections in Paris, when several important designers made a great point of novel cutting in the backs of evening gowns, some of which were hardly more delicate than daytime dresses. Others used little sleeves, or twists around the armholes, or scarfs either attached or separate, all designed to envelop the top of the arms and the shoulders.

On warm Summer nights, a very slight covering is needed. If the weather is chilly, an evening coat is either worn over the jacket or capelet, or there is some clever arrangement of the evening coat, the cape or fichu may become a part of it, or be worn separately at will. An example of this idea is seen in a magnificent evening wrap from Paulin, worn in Paris at the moment by Madame Agnes the milliner. This is a straight and simple coat of dark velvet, with long plain sleeves, and without a collar. Over this goes a sleeveless bolero in matching velvet, edged all round, even the armholes, with silver fox. On warm evenings, the bolero may be worn alone without its long coat.

Sometimes a short fur cape completes a velvet or duvete coat, and may be worn either with or without it. Both Vionnet and Patou suggest this fashion of making one wrap do the work of two. The little fur cape from Redfern, sketched on this page, may be worn as the drawing shows it, with an evening gown, or it may form the collar of an evening coat in satin, velvet, or crepe de Chine. This cape is made of luxurious sable, lined with ermine, and the color of the lavender evening frock is recalled in the orchids pinned to the left side of the collar.

Many evening capelets, fichus and packets, are fur-trimmed. Schiaparelli, who would like to introduce a shawl shape instead of a jacket, makes disparities of crepe matching her evening gowns finished with a circular collar of ermine, and a triangular ermine patch at the top of the



Model From Goupy, in One of the New Dull-Surfaced, Very Crinkled Silk Crepes. It Is Rich Deep Red, with Almost a Mahogany Cast. The Slim Gown is Decorated with Two Flowers, Made of the Tulle, and Set Low in the Back. While Two More are Placed Fully on the Left Shoulder. The Little Jacket, of the Same Material, Has a Small Pearl Collar of Mink with Balloon Sleeves of the Same Fur, Worked in Vertical Bands.

shawl. Lanvin shows both fur afternoon and evening, splendid capes made of several rows of silver fox, mounted on shawls of crepe de Chine, either tying in the front, or crossed in front, and tied at the waist in the back, in fichu fashion.

A charming little cape is of "bagheera," a material which looks between a velvet and a crepe and is of the same color as the dress. It is edged with silver fox, and is shown with the gown from Mirande on this page. The model is in Bianchini's "matmira," a dull-surfaced satin, rather like "angel skin" in a shade of soft, pale pink. There is a finely platted ruffle at the hem of the gown, and the short-



Gown in White Georgette by Marital et Armand. At the Hem is an Encrustation of Pale Blue Lace. Touches of the Same Lace Appear Round the Armholes of the Gown-Draped Bodice. The Jacket is of Pale Blue Chiffon Velvet, the Exact Shade of the Lace. It Has Bishop Sleeves, Gathered into the Deep Shoulder, and a Shurred Girdle of the Velvet at the Waist. Its Interesting Collar Is of the Velvet in Two Draped Bands, Lined with White Ermine, Arranged to Show in a Bordering Band at the Edges. In the Back, These Are Two Rows of Ermine Which Lie Flat Around the Neck.

Redfern Has Chosen Bianchini's "Eleniel," Which Is a Dull-Surfaced Crinkled crepe, for His Evening Gown in a Shade of Pale Orchid. The Gown Has the Popular Asymetric Look, with a Band, or Scarf, Across the Front of the Skirt, Set Diagonally, and Finished at the Side in a Knot and Fluttery End. The Bodice Also Shows the Popular Diagonal Line. The Little Cape Shown with This Is of Sable, Lined with Ermine. It Has a Standing Median Collar, and a Bunch of Shurred Purple and Lavender Orchids Is Pinned to the Side Below the Collar.

the velvet, lined with white ermine, the edges bound with the fur.

Fur, either ermine or fox, is frequently used to give richness to the little wrap, even when they are designed for full Summer. Nothing else looks so sumptuous. However, there are many furless models as well. Patou has several oddly shaped evening jackets in deep colored velvet, red, green or purple, often furless, but with very big collars of the material. Vionnet, Lelong, and others are making robes of untrimmed velvet, with a suggestion of the Italian Renaissance about them. They hang in heavy folds to the floor, are draped or cut straight across the shoulders, and have large sleeves. Vionnet makes them also in satin or in crepe de Chine. But she still loves her ermine-topped wraps with long skirts in chiffon velvet or in plain colored chiffon.

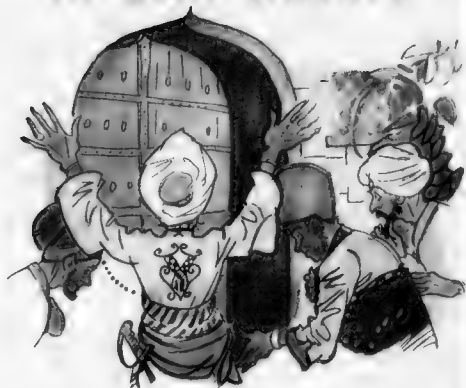
The model from Goupy has a most original little sleeve of mink, worked in horizontal bands, and quite full. It is set into a short bolero of red deeply crinkled dull crepe, like the gown, and there is a narrow tie of the mink by way of a collar.

waisted bodice is beaded in white opaque beads. This is a model for grand occasions, as its slightly trailing skirt proves.

From Marital et Armand comes an example of the new evening gown. The gown, in this case is of white georgette, another dull-surfaced material in a season where dull surfaces outnumber shiny ones. There is a deep hem of pale blue lace encrusted into the skirt, and touches of the same around the armholes of the cool necked bodice. The jacket is of pale blue chiffon velvet, with bishop sleeves, gathered into a deep shoulder, and a shurred girdle of the velvet at the waist. The interesting collar is made of draped bands of



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WOODSVILLE, N. H.

*University of Michigan Archeologists
Unearth the Ruins of a Church in
Ancient Sepphoris, an Hour's Walk
From Nazareth, Built to Mark the
Very Place Where the Saviour's
Mother Was First Told of
His Coming Birth*

In the language of the Crusades, it served as headquarters for the Christian armies. It was at the public fountain of Sepphoris that the Crusaders mustered at the fatal battle of Hainin, and on the same spot a few days later, the Moslem conqueror Saladin emptied his troops on his way to Acre where the last struggles of the Crusades took place.

Under the little village of Saffuriyeh lie the remains of Jewish, Roman and Arab civilizations, with a dressing of Crusader relics.

But the most important discoveries, of course are those to be expected in the heart of the holy Church of the Annunciation.



1—An African Sheepsucker (Sheepsticker) Snakes a Frog and Tries to Swallow It Before the Arrival of a Rapidly Approaching Night Adder. Both of These Reptiles Are Poisonous, but Do Not Usually Bother Each Other Unless in Competition for Food.



2—But in Spite of the Sheepsucker's Haste, the Adder Seizes One Hind Leg of the Frog Before the Other Snake Can Swallow It.



3—Each Snake Now Braces Itself to Fight When Suddenly a Big Cape Cobra Appears. They Are in Danger, but They Are Too Frog.



Remarkable Photograph of a Lioness Which Has Overtaken and Leaped on the Back of a Zebra. The Larger Animal's Only Hope of Escape Is by Outrunning a Lion. But When a Big Cat Has Once Fastened Upon It, the Zebra Has no Means of Defense. This Photograph Was Taken on the Border of Italian Somaliland, Africa.

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A SURGEON knows about where to make his incision to find a patient's appendix or liver or whatever organ he wants to get at, but it took him several years in a medical school to gain that knowledge and the average person has only the vaguest idea of where most of his vital organs are located.

In sharp contrast to this natural ignorance of mankind, most of the rest of the animal kingdom, from insect to mammal, are born with a marvellously accurate knowledge of their own anatomy and that of the other creatures with which they have to deal. It is surprising that all the wolf and dog tribe should know that one slash of a fang on the jugular vein is decisive. The neck is a weak spot in numerous creatures because so many vital tubes and wires have to be concentrated in a small area.

The South American boa-constrictor kills and eats the crocodile when he is lucky enough to sneak up on one of them. The great snake does not bother with the nose hold and this seeming neglect is not from ignorance but knowledge. The boa realizes that it is prudent to keep as far away as possible from the crocodile's business end, armed with those mighty jaws. If they closed on one of his coils it might be disastrous. Therefore the snake plays safety first by wrapping himself around the saurian's middle, out of range of the serrated teeth and there tightens up till he crushes the life out of his prey.

The only radical improvement since the discovery of chloroform and ether, is local anesthesia, the most successful form of which is nerve-block. By pushing his needle into the patient's flesh till the point almost touches the nerve trunk he wishes to put out of action and paralyze the surrounding tissues with novocain to paralyze the nerve, the surgeon is able to cut off sensations of pain from certain areas of the body as long as an hour. He has even performed "sacral anesthesia," injecting narcotics into the fluid surrounding the spinal cord but with not very satisfactory results.

What the medical expert, after years of training, cannot quite manage, an otherwise stupid little insect performs brilliantly in a scientific manner and without any instruction. The female hunting-wasp, when she lays her eggs, faces the problem of storing up fresh meat for the larvae to feed upon when they hatch out, three or four days later. Decaying meat won't do. It must be fresh when the larva starts eating and remain fresh until the gluttonous little maggot has finished that stage of its career.

As this has to be done in summer, without any cold storage it presents a scientific problem of the highest order. To meet it the mother wasp burrows out a little chamber in the ground or the side of a bank and then starts hunting for grasshoppers or crickets. To pounce on one of them and sting it to death would be easy enough but what she accomplishes is difficult, almost beyond imagination. In the midst of the victim's struggles, she drives the hypodermic needle of her stinging three times at exactly the right places

along its nerve ganglia to paralyze the victim's locomotor machinery without causing death.

This done the wasp flies with its unresisting prisoner to the burrow, lays an egg on it and seals it up, buried alive, to await a dreadful doom. Sometimes it lays away three and even four, one on top of another in one tomb. The egg is also placed with uncanny precision on the breast of the victim, at a spot which the stings have made insensible to pain. This makes sure that the larva's first bite as it starts boring into the body will not cause the unfortunate prisoner to shudder and shake the feeble enemy off. Later it won't matter. For a fortnight the larva lives on the life juices of the insect, carefully avoiding the vital organs, so that the poor cricket or grasshopper remains alive to the very end, a masterpiece of skill and of cruelty.

The cricket himself, though helpless before the wasp, is no pacifist but a furious little fighter and killer among his own kind. If two males happen upon a female at the same moment, they are almost certain to fight a duel. If they meet where there is no lady cricket in sight, likely as not they will fight anyway, on general principles. The cricket, with his helmeted head and stout breastplate around his chest, is well armored in front. But his soft abdomen is vulnerable and his rival's powerful nippers can clip off antennae or even legs.

The insects battle head to head, making quick passes and feints with their front legs, trying to get one of the opponent's legs or antennae within reach of the deadly nippers. In the open, when one of the duellists loses a feeler or the joint of a leg, he usually decides that he has had enough and backs away. The victor is content to let him escape while he sings a song of triumph and joins the female who has been standing by eating and watching the fight with not much sign of interest.

The Chinese, however, have trained crickets to fight to the death. They are carefully classified according to weight, just as pugilists are and before bouts are weighed on jeweler's scales by disinterested persons, a sort of Chinese boxing commission. Some of the cricket champions become famous and when two renowned warriors are matched, great crowds collect and the betting runs high. At best not more than 25 or 30 ringside spectators can hope to get close enough to really see what is going on. Nevertheless hundreds and sometimes thousands pay admission.

For their benefit a leather-lunged announcer shouts a blow-by-blow description from a ringside seat, just as the announcer does for the radio. As the other ringriders also yell and jabber, it is hard to see how the customers in the rear get much out of it but apparently they do.

The "ring" is a large earthenware bowl on a table which must be heavy to keep excited spectators from upsetting it. When a great champion is finally killed in battle his owner usually buries him in a silver coffin. There are many volumes of Chinese literature on how to train crickets. Just before the battle the owner al-

lows mosquitoes to bite him and then feeds his pet with their blood-filled bodies, which all authorities agree makes them extra ferocious.

Scientists have long since discovered that cannibalism is widespread among fish. Some remarkable instances of the greediness and fatally bad judgment of fish have been recorded.

The director of the British Museum states that on one occasion he found two pike floating dead on a lake, one weighing 35 and the other 29 pounds. Each had tried to swallow a fish about one-third of its own size, a pike in one case and a carp in the other, and both had died in the unsuccessful attempt. In another case a carp weighing 8 pounds had tried to swallow a carp weighing 7 pounds. The larger fish got the head of the smaller fish wedged in its mouth, and being unable to get free from each other, both drowned.

Another incident is related of two pike kept in a glass aquarium. When a bit of food was thrown in, about half way between them, each fish dashed at it, with the astonishing result that the head of the smaller fish entered and stuck in the open mouth of the larger one. After a great amount of wriggling and struggling, the two fish freed themselves. The photograph of the two pike in their death struggle shown on this page is reprinted by courtesy of Field and Stream.

Warfare is going on all over the world among the reptiles. Some snakes seem to kill for the pleasure of killing, while others are cannibals and eat their reptilian victims. One of the most remarkable photographic records of a three-cornered snake battle was obtained by Professor Fitzsimmons, director of the Port Elizabeth scientific snake farm, South Africa.

An African "Sheepsucker" (Schaapstecker) had seized a frog and hurried to swallow it as he observed the approach of a Night Adder. Both the Sheepsucker and the adder are quite common venomous snakes.

But before the first snake could get the frog down its throat, the adder seized one hind leg and a tug-of-war began.

While this struggle was going on, a large and powerful Cape Cobra arrived on the scene and surveyed the situation for a moment.

The new arrival decided to mix in, and he seized the heads of both snakes in his strong jaws. "Once the cobra had joined in and the heads of the three snakes met, it became a question of which had the largest mouth, for none would let go," Professor Fitzsimmons writes. "Realizing their peril too late, the smaller pair made wild struggles to escape. But the cobra's wider gape enabled his teeth to get a firm grip on their heads. Gradually his subtle, nerve-paralyzing venom took effect and when they lay helpless the cobra swallowed them and the frog. The swallowing capacity of a large snake is remarkable, for a serpent whose head is no wider than a man's thumb is capable of devouring a full size rat. It is made possible by the flexible ligament. This stretches in conjunction with the skin of the throat, and

by a series of forward jerks and steady thrusts the prey is forced into the gullet."

It was not so long ago that the superior white man went in as seriously for cock fighting. A few generations back it was one of England's most popular sports, indulged in by everyone, even clergymen. The vicar was as likely as the squire to own the village's champion game cock. In medieval times the gentle ladies of the court used to amuse themselves by setting their pet quail to fighting, often to a fatal conclusion.

Bees fight rival swarms for reasons as sensible as those for which human beings go to war but also, in hot weather, they start duels with members of their own tribe, nobody knows just why. Often they crash head-on in mid air and go buzzing and tumbling to the ground to finish the quarrel. There they make furious stabs with their barbed stings but it is not easy for a bee to find the joints in another bee's armor. Sometimes, after an hour's furious attempts to murder each other, they have to give up in disgust and exhaustion. When one does succeed in driving her poisoned dagger home, often as not the victor leaves the sting in the wound and dies with the vanquished.

The most spectacular duels probably happened millions of years ago at the height of the

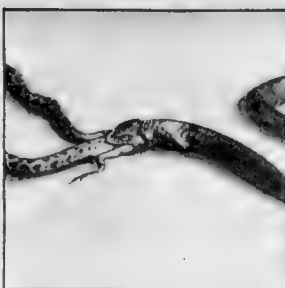
Cannibal Fish Are Often Victims



An Eight-Pound Pike Which Endeavored to Swallow a Smaller Pike, Resulting in Its Death. Photograph by G. H. R. of Field and Stream.



The Camel Is Commonly Regarded as a Patient and Gentle Creature, but It Is a Fierce Fighter. A Battle of Camels Is Conducted in a Valley.



ent the Other From Swallowing the Frog. Arrives. The Two Smaller Snakes Know Greedy to Let Go Their Grip on the

4—The Two Smaller Snakes Swing Their Bodies Away but Still Maintain Their Grip on the Frog, as the Cobra Darts Forward and Seizes the Frog and Then Two Heads. The Big Cobra Maintains His Grip Until the Venom Quells the Struggles of the Snakes.

5—The Cobra Then Swallows Both Snakes and the Frog. The Photograph Shows the Tails of the Two Smaller Snakes Still Protruding From the Cobra's Big Jaws. Slowly It Will Digest What Is in Its Stomach and Finally the Two Tails Will Pass by Its Fange.

The Animal World

How Nature Has Given Special
Sense to Certain Creatures, and
Their Enemies With Peculiar
Means of Their Defense—Ingen-
uities Animals Have Learned to Use

re of reptiles when the monster saurians fought or heavyweight championship of the world. riceratops, one of the huge dinosaurs, grew such thick covering of armor that it seems almost possible that any blow could have penetrated.

Yet something wiped him and all the other raptors off the face of the globe.

Most any one would prefer to be attacked by a black snake or any other non-poisonous one, except possibly the mighty boa-constrictor, than by a rattler or cobra. But among the reptiles themselves the poisonous species have a poor standing as fighters. The non-poisonous kinds track and usually kill the poisonous breeds.

The venomous snake seems to have little strength, speed or other weapons except his fangs which the other snakes seem to know how to avoid. The little mongoose, known to the Egyptians as "Pharaoh's Rat," stands up to the reared cobra, teasing the snake and dodging its fangs until the reptile is exhausted and then seizing it by the throat.

Bulls fight bulls and stallions fight stallions over love affairs but the bull and the stallion really have no conflicting interests to quarrel about and usually let each other alone. Sometimes, however, these strangely matched beasts get into a scrap. One might think that the more

powerful bovine would be a sure winner, but he isn't always by any means. If the stallion has the good luck not to break a leg against his adversary's solid forehead, he stands a good chance of kicking the bull's eyes out.

Male storks frequently fight long and harmless duels, fencing clumsily with their ponderous beaks, with no more damage than from a modern French duel. Sometimes the female, the cause of the hostilities, gets tired of the lack of results, goes into the fight and then, with her aid, one is able to kill the other. It is a regrettable fact that this usually happens when a married lady-stork intervenes against her husband, in favor of "the other stork."

Storks recently have almost disappeared from their haunts in Europe. Some thought it was because of their bad morals, but it seems that there is another reason. The natives of the Black Forest and other places where the storks spend part of the year have been poisoning the locusts and the big birds have been eating the poisoned insects with fatal results.

Like the domestic bull, the male deer attacks on the battering-ram principle but not exclusively. The antlers that grow like a tangled thicket on his brow, are more of a nuisance than a help. It is no uncommon thing to find skeletons of two deer whose locked antlers tell the story of fighters who could never break from that last, fatal clinch and starved to death or fell easy prey to wolves.

The red deer and some others stand up on their hind legs and strike with their sharp front hoofs, a more effective method of combat than with their cumbersome and shorter-reaching antlers. However, this pugilism is indulged in only when one or both contestants has shed his horny decorations and the new are still "green," that is, too soft for use. When one of the combatants still has his antlers, he does not use them but boxes and the crack of hoofs against shin bones echoes through the forest.

Camel fights have always been popular in the Turkish Empire. The strange beast fights in a strange way, adapted to his own strictly original design. The camel can bite, after a fashion, but he knows it would take him all day to put a rival out of action with his teeth. In kicking and striking he is also at a disadvantage because his feet are encased in soft, spongy hoofs that deaden the blows almost like boxing gloves, and he has no horns. With these limitations, the "ship of the desert" does not rely much on ordinary tactics, but strives to get his humps under the other one's body.

His ambition is to rise up under his enemy and throw him on his back. Even if he can't tip him over, prodding a camel in the belly is getting him in a weak spot. There lie his series of tanks for carrying water on desert trips, and apparently this apparatus is very sensitive and tender.

If a camel succeeds in getting his adversary onto his back, he loses no time in punching the fallen one with both front hoofs on his tender water tanks. This is a sure knockout, and if continued may cause death. It rarely goes that far, however. After a pro-

longed and comic wrestling match one animal gets prodded once or twice in the stomach with the other's humps, realizes that next time he may be turned over and prudently runs from the ring.

After all, what he is fighting for is hardly worth the risk of death. The prize is always a female and, while no doubt she is beautiful in his eyes, the way she is going to treat him is rather mean and perhaps he knows it. After the lady camel has been won on the field of battle, she only tolerates her mate's presence for a few weeks, and then one day turns and chases him out of the vicinity. Not till the next year, long after the young camel has been born, will it be safe for the father to come around again. By that time another gentleman camel has probably taken his place. So he usually doesn't bother but starts a new romance which is destined to be equally short-lived.

Nature can be humorous as well as cruel and sometimes stages slap-stick comedy fights. Some of the termites or "white ants," who are not ants at all, have developed certain specialists in their ranks who carry a squirt gun in their heads. Real ants love to raid and attack the termites and when they do the squirt-gunners shoot a stream of sticky matter that will gum up an ant's legs so thoroughly that it takes most all day to clean her up and get her running again.

Then there are the bombardier beetles. These fellows mount a sure-enough gun on their rear. When another insect offends him, the bombardier shoots the other right in the face. A man looking down can hear a small but sharp report and see the bombardier making his get-away like a gunman while his victim lies motionless. It looks like a murder, but nothing very serious has happened. Presently the insect that has been shot will come to life, none the worse. The bombardier shoots out a volatile vapor which explodes on mixing with the air and the concussion knocks out the other insect, but it is only a blank cartridge.

Outside of Zoos, few animals die from disease and none from old age. Nearly all have some natural enemy who will eat him if he does not watch his step. The zebra can easily outrun the lion, but some day rheumatism will make him a fraction of a second too slow in springing away or age dim his eye in noting the stealthy approach and then rending claws will tear his gaudy hide, teeth meet in his neck, and he dies the normal death of his kind to provide a meal for another animal. The lion fears attack from no animal but man. Yet when he gets old, slow and bleary-eyed, his fate is to starve to death, be eaten by jackals and his royal bones polished by ants.

Even worse is the plight of the insect, born with two strikes on it. If it isn't stepped on by a man or beast or snapped up by a bird or bat, some other insect monster may be lurking behind each leaf or weed waiting to slay and devour. If it crawls on the ground, hunting spiders stalk it, the dragon fly puns like a flash of lightning; if it rises into the open air and if it hovers in the shadow of the shrubbery there is the trap of the spider's web.

Should all these perils be escaped its natural life is measured usually in days, weeks or months. Among the most murderous of insects is the praying mantis which kills and eats most any insect it finds. If two of these nervous meet, there is usually a battle and the winner eats the loser.

Perhaps the most wretched existence in the world is led by the male of many of the web-spinning spiders. The masculine spider is a tiny, anaemic shadow of his big and savage mate on whom Nature has made him absolutely dependent not only for romance but bread and butter. He cannot spin a thread and has no weapons to kill even the smallest insect. Therefore in order to eat, he must get admitted to the home of some female. When he finds a web, he approaches in fear and trembling, and with one nervous foot vibrates the far end of the web's longest cable. The lady spider recognizes the vibration and reads its message which is:

"Sweetheart, I cannot live without you."

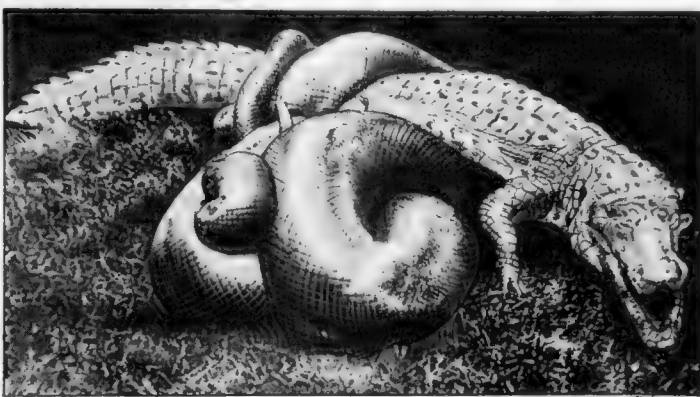
If he climbs up and the lady doesn't care for wedding bells just then, she makes a dash for him. If he does not make a quick jump into space and fall straight to the ground he will be eaten. Should she be in a romantic mood, with more flies in the web than she can eat, Mr. Spider is admitted to a precarious married life. The first day that there is not enough food to satisfy the lady's appetite, she gets a divorce by the simple process of killing him and, in place of alimony, eats him alive.

Hunting spiders, prowling hungrily over the ground and carrying on their backs a brood of little spiders, sometimes meet each other. In that case the two mothers often shake off their children and fight to a finish. The winner then makes a meal on the loser, picks up her own children and also the other's which she has just made orphans and amiles over.

Bad as she is the spider is usually a painstaking and self-sacrificing mother to her children. In this she is superior to the female scorpion who has no redeeming trait at all.

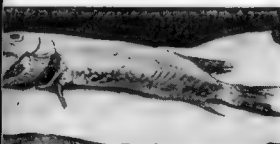
In Honduras, as in some other countries, lives the harmless, little coral snake. Last year Prof. Raymond L. Ditmars, curator of mammals and reptiles of the Bronx Zoo, in New York, was down there on one of his snake-catching expeditions. He was surprised to see what appeared to be a bigger coral snake than he thought existed. Catching one of these oversized reptiles, the snake-expert found he had been deceived. It was not a coral snake but a mighty good counterfeit of one.

As Nature never perpetrates one of these frauds without a reason, Professor Ditmars watched to see what the idea was. The scheme was to swindle the genuine coral which is a lively, sharp-eyed fellow, always careful to keep away from other snakes. But seeing what looks to be a big specimen of its own harmless kind, the bonafide coral snake crawls right up to the impostor and gets eaten. Several of these tragedies were witnessed. In the end, as in civiliza-



Unusual Photograph of a Giant South American Boa Constrictor Wound Around a Crocodile. The Huge Snake First Crushes Its Victim and Then Slowly Swallows It Whole. But the Snake Must Be Careful to Keep Its Coils Clear of the Powerful Jaws of the Crocodile or the Slap of Its Dangerous Tail.

of Their Own Appetites.



How a Seven-Pound Pike and Bluegill



ature, Like an Os. But It Has a Nasty Temper and Is Curious Fashion as Described in the Article Herewith.

This Way To Happiness B Movie Girl

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

JANICE, OLIVE, and ELIA were sitting on the porch, looking at the stars. Janice was the first to speak. "I wish I could be like you," she said, looking at Olive. "You're so beautiful and so smart. I wish I could be like you." Olive smiled and said, "I wish I could be like you, too. I wish I could be like you, too." Elia smiled and said, "I wish I could be like you, too. I wish I could be like you, too." They all laughed and looked at each other. "I wish I could be like you, too," said Janice. "I wish I could be like you, too," said Olive. "I wish I could be like you, too," said Elia. They all laughed and looked at each other.

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ROSELYN ROBINSON

CHAPTER XXV

(Continued)

Olive Devore Arrives.



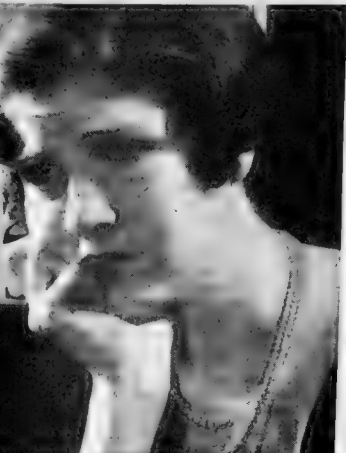
When the tea was over, Elia said, "I wish I could be like you, too. I wish I could be like you, too." Janice smiled and said, "I wish I could be like you, too. I wish I could be like you, too." Olive smiled and said, "I wish I could be like you, too. I wish I could be like you, too." They all laughed and looked at each other. "I wish I could be like you, too," said Janice. "I wish I could be like you, too," said Olive. "I wish I could be like you, too," said Elia. They all laughed and looked at each other.

The Next Moment Janice Was on Her Feet, Staring at a Woman Who Stood Only a Few Feet From Him.

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SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.
LAST MONDAY	NEW MOON	1	2
6	7	8	9
13	14	15	16
20	21	22	23
27	28	29	30



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Fears are Poison

Fear can make you actually ill!

Minor feminine ailments, unimportant in themselves, often cause grave apprehensions. Usually they are the result of feminine neglect and untidiness. But the worries they bring frequently interrupt the regular bodily functions and lead to ill health.

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health . . . to safeguard beauty and charm . . . to secure that innate personal cleanliness so necessary to womanly well-being.

"Lysol" is mild. Yet, unlike certain watery chlorine compounds, "Lysol" is . . . even in the presence of organic matter, "Lysol" does not release free caustic alkali to sear and harden delicate tissue. Begin to use "Lysol" today. Every druggist has it. Use it regularly. And be sure to sign and mail the coupon below for the new booklet—"The Facts About Feminine Hygiene."

NEW LIGHT ON WOMAN'S OLDEST PROBLEM

Here are 48 pages that may be new to you. Written plainly in simple English, showing you the causes of your troubles. Frank, informative, and FREE. I will send you a free copy of "The Facts About Feminine Hygiene" if you will send me the coupon below.

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Disinfectant



"Lysol" is recommended. A treatment costs less than one cent. . . "Lysol" is penetrating. . . "Lysol" is active and cleansing. . . "Lysol" has enjoyed the complete endorsement of the medical profession for more than 40 years.

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this season's wave must look natural

The success of the flattering, natural looking permanent so important this year depends largely upon a healthy condition of the hair. Why not put yours through a course of training for your wave? Before you get your permanent wave, give yourself regular "Vaseline" Hair Tonic treatments before each shampoo. Apply the Tonic generously, being careful to cover the entire surface of the scalp. Massage gently, working the scalp round and round with the finger tips, until it feels alive and loose. If you can leave the Tonic on overnight, so much the better, but spread a towel over your bed pillow to protect it. These regular Tonic treatments will inject new life into your hair, impart a lovely lustre, and make it much more receptive to a soft and natural looking permanent. Worth trying, isn't it?



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9 P. M., EASTERN STANDARD TIME

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The nearest druggist sells "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. Barbers everywhere recommend and use it. Two sizes of shaker-top bottles. This is a product of the Chesham-Way Co., Inc., 17 State Street, New York City, N.Y.

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FREE. If you will send us 10c in postage to cover our mailing expense, we will also send you a tube of Frederic's Vita Tonic Scalp Treatment and a tube of Frederic's Vita Tonic Shampoo.

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Please send me a free Vita Tonic Wrapper, booklet and list of hairdressers. I enclose 10c in money, please send me the free Frederic's Vita Tonic Scalp Treatment and Shampoo for desired. Only sent to those who have used Frederic's Vita Tonic.

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but look at the difference



1 Big, irregular gas bubbles in batter made with cheap, ordinary baking powder form "air holes" in finished cake. They let out moisture, causing cake to grow stale quickly. (Actual photograph through microscope.)

2 Tiny, uniform bubbles in batter made with Royal, the Cream of Tartar baking powder, give you even-textured cake that retains moisture and stays fresh for days. (Actual photograph through microscope.)

In both cakes the same recipe was used—except the Baking Powder

● They looked just like twins . . . before they were cut! But afterward—what a contrast.

Cake No. 1 was coarse-textured . . . and simply riddled with "air holes." The next day it was flat-tasting . . . stale. Those

yawning air holes had let out the moisture—and the flavor went with it!

But cake No. 2! That was a cake to melt in your mouth. Fluffy . . . even-textured . . . and delicately tender.

And it *stayed fresh*. Even five days after

baking, it was still moist and delicious.

Yet both cakes were baked alike, and with the same ingredients—except the *baking powder*.

No. 1 was made with cheap, ordinary baking powder . . . No. 2 with Royal, the fine Cream of Tartar baking powder.

AND THAT'S what made the difference! For baking powders, you know, are far from being "just the same." They act quite differently—as you can see in the above photographs of cake batter.

When you use cheap, ordinary baking powder,

great big gas bubbles form in your cake batter. They are the cause of those "air holes" that make cake grow stale quickly.

But with Royal, it's quite a different story. Then only tiny bubbles form, and build up an even, velvety texture. The freshening moisture stays in—your cake tastes rich and delicious till the last piece disappears.

And that isn't all. You can bank on Royal's dependability. Its uniformity and perfect keeping quality insure the same fine results every time you use it.

So why bother with cheap, ordinary baking powder? Especially when enough Royal for a gorgeous big cake costs less than 2¢!

*It's the Cream of Tartar in ROYAL
that gives you fine-textured cake!*



● MAIL COUPON FOR FREE ROYAL COOK BOOK

ROYAL BAKING POWDER • PRODUCT OF STANDARD BRANDS INCORPORATED
Dept. 364, 691 Washington Street • New York City • New York
Please send me a free copy of the famous Royal Cook Book.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

In Canada • Standard Brands Limited • Dominion Square Building • Montreal, P. Q.

5-2116

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(Continued from Page 16)

CHAPTER XXVI.

Lance's lips tightened. He growled angrily. "I thought I finished discussing that some-

said. "I had 'pink tooth bru'
cent's disease, too! A medica
up my gums, or I'd have a tou

h.' And I nearly had Vin-
student told me to harden
b time of it! So I got busy."

extra Ipana into your gun
will be firmer. You won't b
your teeth will sparkle li

American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reser

is. In no time, your gums
ave 'pink tooth brush.' And
e—well, like your son's."

are much brighter now! Mom
again expect to have "pink
good tooth paste, like a ge

y gums are firm. I don't even
tooth brush." Remember: A
od dentist, is *never* a luxury!

son's. Good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is *never* in

I started in right away massaging Ipana into my gums. After you clean your teeth, you rub a little extra Ipana into your gums. Leave it there. It tastes good. My teeth are much brighter now! My gums are firm. I don't ever again expect to have "pink tooth brush." Remember: A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is *never* a luxury!

ETHYL GASOLINE



AT DAYTONA BEACH — Malcolm Campbell used Ethyl to set a world's speed record of 254 miles per hour!



ON THE TRACK — Every winner of the Indianapolis speed classic for the past seven years has used Ethyl.



IN THE AIR — Aviators depend on Ethyl. Army and Navy planes use it. Large transport companies use it.



ON WATER — Speed-boat racers depend on Ethyl to set new records.



IN YOUR CAR—You need Ethyl for the same reasons it is used to set records on land, water and in the air. It controls combustion inside the engine, making such a difference in performance that Ethyl has become the biggest-selling brand of motor fuel in the country.

Ethyl makes any car run better—last longer—and saves money in the long run. Give YOUR car the helping hand. Stop at an Ethyl pump today.

Oil companies announce new, higher anti-knock standard . . Meets requirements of new automobiles . . Restores power to older cars . . Bigger value for your gasoline money

THIS WEEK filling stations throughout North America are offering an even better Ethyl Gasoline. The great oil refining companies listed at the right, together with thousands of other distributing oil companies, invite you to try the best motor fuel they have ever offered.

The anti-knock standard and all-round quality of Ethyl Gasoline have been raised still higher. For two reasons: (1) to give you more for your money, (2) to meet the requirements of automobiles the motor industry has brought out to take full advantage of Ethyl's universal distribution.

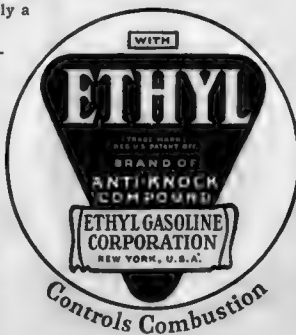
The new cars with high compression engines require fuel of Ethyl's anti-knock standard, and in turn give more power from every gallon used. Older cars find Ethyl a real economy because it prevents harmful knock, overheating and power-loss.

The new, higher standard widens still further Ethyl's margin of superiority over regular gasoline. Though it costs the oil companies more to produce this higher quality, the price of Ethyl today is less, on the average, than you paid for regular gasoline only a few years ago.

Stop at an Ethyl pump today. Try the new standard. Get the most out of your car. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York.



The quality of Ethyl Gasoline is maintained by laboratory inspection of samples collected daily in all parts of the country. You are sure of value at the pump that bears this Ethyl emblem. Ethyl fluid contains lead. © E. O. C. 1951



Who sells Ethyl?

[illegible]

FREE



\$2,500.00 IN CASH PRIZES

20 words (or less) will win!

Write that winning letter now, telling:

*What I like best about
Goodyear Wingfoot
Rubber Heels!*

There must be some mighty good reasons for liking rubber heels, when 9 men out of 10 wear them.

There must be a simple, easy way to explain the fact that *more people walk on Goodyear Wingfoot Heels than on any other kind.*

Think it over, and tell us what that reason is.

Think how these tough, springy cushions of new live rubber take the jolt and jar out of walking.

Think how they do for your body what Goodyear Tires do for your car.

Think how a new pair of Goodyear Wingfoot Heels dress up your shoes and keep them good-looking, because they keep shoes square with the world.

Think of all the other good reasons why Goodyear makes and sells more rubber heels than any other rubber company—or better yet, ask your repairman

Then tell us what you like best about Goodyear Wingfoot Rubber Heels in an easy letter—not more than 20 words long.

That's all it takes to get in on this big free cash contest, and over 250 people will win a prize for such a letter.

See your shoe repairman—write your letter and get it in the mail now.



GOOD YEAR

WINGFOOT HEELS

PRIZES

First Prize \$500
5 Second Prizes \$100 each
50 Third Prizes \$10 each
200 other Prizes \$5 each

Rules of Contest

(READ CAREFULLY)

- 1 In not more than twenty (20) words, tell us: "What I Like Best About Goodyear Wingfoot Rubber Heels."
- 2 No letter will be considered unless name and complete address of your regular repair shop is given.
- 3 It is not necessary to buy Goodyear Wingfoot Heels to enter this contest, but each entry must be accompanied by the front side of a carton in which Goodyear Wingfoot Heels are packed, or by a reasonably accurate facsimile.
- 4 All entries must be mailed to Goodyear Wingfoot Heel Contest Editor, Akron, Ohio.
Contest closes at midnight, June 15th, 1932. Entries postmarked later will not be considered.
- 5 Names of winners will be announced, and all winners will be personally notified by mail.
- 6 No letters will be returned. All entries submitted will be the property of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company.

Winning letters will be chosen strictly on merit by judges who are not employees of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, and their decision will be final.

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The Dude Ranch Mystery By Mark Plum

(Continued from Page 20)

"I'm glad it ain't my trail traveling."

"Keep off the cards and the gun, Walt, and you're safe," said Pete. "They're what get a man." He pulled his cards to him and studied their faces with an inscrutable countenance. "Open for ten."

"See that and raise it another," said Monty, shoving out a blue chip.

"This way out," said Shorty, fanning his hands into the air.

"And ten," said Pete. "The devil's playing favorites again," said Monty with a grin at his own cards.

"Same old favorite, too," said a voice from the doorway.

"And ten," said Pete, without looking around.

The others granted various greetings.

"Hello, Charlie."

"Here's dirt in your ear!"

"Any more dead men up your wazoo?"

Walt's killing who at the Bar W this evening?

"How about it, Charlie asked with a smirk. "Is this a private or can anybody sit in?"

"Most anyone," said Shorty. "If he's got references," added Walt.

"No trouble about that," Charlie drew a roll of bills from his pocket and Shorty whistled his eyes. "Take 'em away before you tempt an innocent youth, Pete. Get my roll and it won't take much to start me hi-jacking."

Pete pushed back his chair, at the same time showing part of his chin toward Shorty.

"Want a stake, Shorty? I'm quitting anyway."

"What the deuce?" cried Walt. "You've got my pile, too. Shorty said and give us a chance to come back."

"It's the shank of the evening," said Monty.

"But if he's ahead," insisted Charlie, drawing up another chair and settling him.

Pete's eyes flickered toward him, as if he were a criminal. He just might magnify to check out at this stage of the game while he was still the big winner, but it was not the newcomer's place to mention it.

"Five is a better number than six," he said gently.

"Since when?"

"Since about one minute ago," said Pete, and det. Charlie's truculent glare with a steady eye. "Meaning you're quitting because I've cut in?" demanded Charlie harshly.

"Write your own prescription," the other men in the room sat motionless. Pete's right arm hung straight at his side, curiously rigid. Charlie's hands were on the table. His fingers fluttered, tensed and were still.

"If that's all your trouble," he said at last, his eyes narrowed and angry. "You can quit when you like. I thought maybe you were looking for a doctor. I thought you hurt your cheek somehow."

Charlie's right hand left the table and almost—not quite but almost—reached his hip.

"Do you, Charlie?" said Pete, speaking very softly.

The land, slowly, reluctantly, moved its fellow horse.

Pete's fingers went up to the newly-made scar on his cheek.

"Why, yes," he went on, his voice still gentle. "I did hurt my cheek somehow. You interested?"

"You interested?" asked Pete again, drawing his words, his hands still at his side.

Then Charlie—on foot and a great expulsion of breath came simultaneously from the other men. A little rustle ran through the room as each person in it relaxed his body at the same time.

"Why, no," said Pete, reaching for the deck of cards and beginning to shuffle them. "I'm not into it. What say, boys?"

Shall we get on with the ride? My money's as good as the next fellow's, isn't it? And I'll stick till the last card's turned."

"Ante," said Walt briefly. He despised Charlie for backing down a game that he had opened, but Pete—so he had offended his simple mind by letting the first to quit the poker table at which he was a high roller.

Shorty rose and stretched himself.

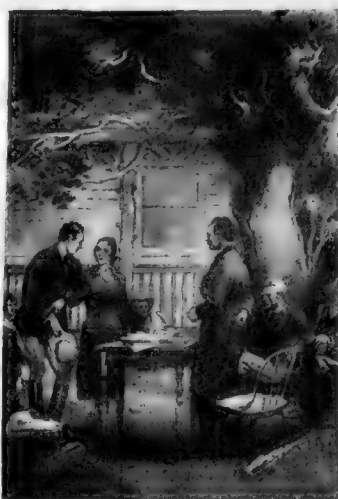
"I'll pass for a time," he said coolly. "I'm moked for a while. Any one beside Pete, any of it?"

A settled accounts and left the table with Pete. A number of horses lazed in front of the drugstore, heads drooping grassward while they waited for the ride. Pete lifted his mare's reins and seemed about to mount. With one foot in the stirrup he lingered.

"I'm hanging out at Tex Akers," he began hesitantly. Akers, a small rancher in the valley, had long been a friend of both Pete and Shorty.

"Oh, huh," said Shorty, aware that more was coming and willing to wait.

Pete swung himself into the



Gil Ward Offered Sally the Arm and Led Her Gallantly Out of the Saloon.

saddle and asked a simple question.

"How are things at Bar W?" Since doing at the Bar W were the group of the country-side, and had been much discussed that evening by the card players. Shorty crossed instantly that the question went down their dissatisfied words. He pointed to the "inconsiderate" doing, he offered "Something new all the time."

"Keep you right busy, I reckon," said Pete coolly. Or not so coolly. At any rate, Shorty saw a cue.

"Not so busy," he countered. "I rule this way every evening."

"Mightn't you not great shakes to do this and Pete. I wouldn't have been down here myself the evening only I was looking for a fellow."

"Fin him?" asked Shorty, innocently.

"Yep," said Pete with equal

innocence, looking at Shorty, who grinned.

"Me, I ride up along Crab Creek most every evening. About seven or eight o'clock," said Pete. "Sometimes I'm later."

"Me, I ride that way pretty frequent, too," answered his friend, wondering if Pete intended to dodge the inquest the next day and thinking that if such were his plans, he'd better look out for Ginger Sealion. Ginger was a bit of a martinet about such matters.

Pete guessed his thoughts. "Dare say there'll be a crowd tomorrow," he explained. "Heaps of people, all curious. I'm a witness, so I'll be in the line. The light'll be dimmer along Crab Creek."

Never guessed you were so modest," grinned Shorty. They gazed solemnly upon each other. Pete nodded.

"Night," said he.

"Night," returned Shorty. Pete rode off, well content. He had gained what he wanted, a source of information. It was not in his plans to seem to hold any private conversation with any person whatsoever at the Bar W the next day. Frankly, it was afraid to do so, and he had no need for caution.

The poker game eventually broke up and the various players departed to their respective places of employment. Charlie was the only rider from Bar W. He had long since vanished up Baker's Pass. He waved a genial hand to the others and, guided by his horse along the level, anxious to reach the bunkhouse now that the evening's pleasure was finished. Where the trail up the hillside broke off from the slightly less rugged and comparatively more traveled way up Baker's Pass, Charlie hesitated, reining in his mount. Then, shaking his head, continued, up the pass, a choice which precipitated much trouble upon several persons, including himself.

As he reached a point a couple of miles below the ranch, his horse threw up his head and whinnied. Charlie did not wait to investigate. His right hand lifted the reins as he dug his heels frantically into the animal's flanks. His left hand, that being, unfortunately, the only one occupied one, snapped back to his holster while his eyes searched desperately among the rocks at

the wayside for the animal his own bad greeted. He saw nothing but as the mare sprang forward, he heard a soft, silent whisper in his ear and felt a sting as a monster burst in his shoulder.

Head down, body crouched low, he crowded the mare onward. Rough going, dangerous ground, uphill road. The trail speed was impossible. "Blast him!" he muttered as again that stinging whisper went past his ear, ending this time in a "ping" on a rock ahead.

He managed to reach his own gun, to drag it out and to fire it in the general direction of the bushes that marked the source of the bullets, but knew that the chance of inflicting a hit under such conditions was less than a

thousand to one. Again he kicked viciously at his horse, striving to get beyond target distance. At least, his enemy was not following him. Lie in wait, he would, and wait for ambush!

"Dirty coward!" said Charlie between his teeth, and cursed deep and long, feeling the blood oozing from his wound at every leap of his racing horse.

At last he gave her her head, content when the pace diminished and allowed since the man in ambush did not follow. Content, since with the milder motion the blood flow from his shoulder seemed to slacken a trifle. He tore off a piece of shirt and tried awkwardly to stuff it about the wound. Then gradually he ceased trying, ceased thinking

even, lying almost flat along his mount until at the entrance to the ranch barn, he slid gently off in a heap onto the ground. The mare nudged him for a moment, backed away at an alien and unpleasant odor, and clattered alone into the barn, since the corral barn, of course, were in place. Charlie lay still, unheeding.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE INQUEST. DELIBERATIONS of the inquest into the death of Saul Atkinson were held

(Continued on Page 21)

RUNNING COLORS

Streaked HER WASH But CLOROX saved the day!



A COLORED ROCK OF a cretaceous curtain can "ruin" a whole tubful of clothes! But soak white and fast colored cottons and linens in diluted Clorox—as directed on the label for laundering—and discolorations will disappear as if by magic.

When Clorox is used in the regular laundering process, all ordinary spots and stains vanish—mildew, sootied spots and such stubborn stains require only a slightly stronger solution.

Clorox—the modern bleach, stain-remover, deodorant and disinfectant—is priceless, too, in kitchen and bathroom. The absolute purity and powerful germicidal properties of Clorox make it invaluable for the many uses on the label. Because Clorox is concentrated, it is economical—a little goes a long way!

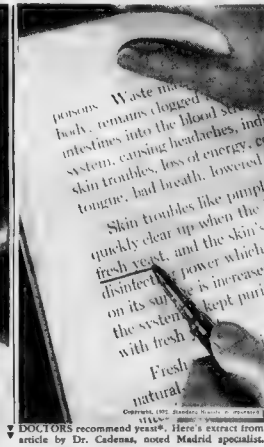
CLOROX BLEACHES—REMOVES STAINS—DESTROYS ODORS—KILLS GERMS

When Intestines Functioned Normally Again • Her Skin Quickly Cleared • All Due to Fresh Yeast •



DR. MAZERAN, the noted French specialist, explains how fresh yeast corrects constipation, the cause of so many cases of bad skin. He describes a typical case below.

UGLY BLEMISHES GONE—thanks to fresh yeast. That's because yeast "tones" and purifies the system. Isn't this simple method well worth trying?



DOCTORS recommend yeast. Here's extract from article by Dr. Cadena, noted Madrid specialist.

"Her SKIN completely CLEARED"

HOW many girls do you know whose lives are miserable because of constantly recurring skin eruptions? It's so often entirely unnecessary!

Read about this typical case described by the famous French specialist, Dr. A. P. Mazeran—

... a young woman, suffering from an unsightly eruption on the face. Trying to rid herself of her troubles she had dosed herself with laxative pills and cathartics. Instead of clearing up her condition the skin eruption became steadily worse. In desperation she came to me.

And Dr. Mazeran adds simply: "I put her at once on a yeast regime. We did not have to

wait long for results. . . Her skin cleared up completely."

Most people know that intestinal sluggishness is perhaps the commonest cause of skin eruptions.

But like the young woman described by Dr. Mazeran, few know how to get rid of it.

Fresh yeast, doctors explain, is a purifying agent. That is because it acts to "tone," strengthen and cleanse the sluggish intestinal

tract . . . stimulating the action that rids the body of wastes.

In addition, yeast actually softens these wastes so your body can clear them away easily and regularly. And as poisons are passed out of your system, fresh, clean blood flows through your veins. The foundation for a clear, smooth skin is laid! If you want to straighten out your system—to get back normal elimination—to enjoy a good digestion, a

healthy appetite, pep—add Fleischmann's Yeast to your diet today.

Just eat three cakes every day, regularly—before each meal, or between meals and at bedtime—plain or dissolved in a third of a glass of water.

You can get Fleischmann's Yeast at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains and each cake is rich in vitamins B and G and the remarkable "sunshine" vitamin D lacking from other foods. Try it!

IMPORTANT—Fleischmann's Yeast for health comes only in the fish-bone-shaped cake with the yellow label. If you see it in its fresh, effective form—the kind doctors advise.

Not a "Cure-all" . . . Fleischmann's Yeast is a health food thousands eat

—3 cakes a day

The Dutch Ranch Mystery By Mark Plum

(Continued from Page 22)

outdoors. All the men of the Bar W attended and as many persons from Manato and the neighboring ranches as could spare the time—thought they could. Which on a conservative estimate was about 97 per cent of the population.

Pete Black lounged in his usual easy-going fashion against a straight-growing young

cottonwood, listening to the testimony that proceeded his ears. He noticed several curious features. He noticed, also, and with attention, Miss Sally Atkinson, who was the first to be called to the stand.

Sally was asked few questions. She told her story in a simple and told of her surprise that he had not met her in Manato the evening of her arrival. Dr. Burke was cut short at the start of a question as to what she believed had taken him to Devil's Slide by Ginger Scullion.

"Never mind that," he said. "Did your father possess any enemies that you know of?" asked Dr. Burke.

"I am quite sure he had none," said Sally.

"What was his business?" "He was employed by Mr. Heflin as an oil geologist. He was one of the best known men in the country in the line."

"He had recently discovered a new oil field, or thought he had, and he was trying to keep it a secret?"

"No, Heflin knew of it, of course. Otherwise, your statement is correct."

"Do you think it probable that your father carried papers upon his person which related to this valuable secret?"

"I do not know whether he did or not?"

"Let that slide, too," interrupted the sheriff.

Dr. Burke looked dubious. "The question is an extremely pertinent one," he began.

"Yes, I know. Only there's no use pestering Mr. Atkinson about it. She doesn't know and I do."

"What?"

"Yes. Get along with your other questions. I'll testify later."

However, Dr. Burke had nothing else to ask the dead man's daughter and she was dismissed.

Gil Ward offered her arm and led her gallantly out of sight of the staring throng. Her head was erect, her face very white and composed, her hair was a flaming glory. With one accord (and one exception) these inquest turned to watch her go.

She entered the barnhouse and, as pulled by a string, the heads turned back again to Dr. Burke and the jury and the courtroom yet to come.

Pete had been the solitary exception. He alone had not turned to watch Sally's exit. Instead, he sat with his arms and legs spread and angrily studied the ground beneath his feet. If with one jerk of his chin he could have loosed the Johnstown flood upon that entire herd of curious spectators, it is quite probable that he would have done so. What right had they to stare and whisper? Didn't they know the courage it took for one suffering girl to face that inquisitive mob, assembled as for a circus at the inquest on her father's death? Didn't they see how hard it was for her to keep her face immobile and avoid breaking down in tears before them? Didn't they know that she would rather die than do that? Sheer grit, she was, that redheaded lady. Sheer grit, overlying pain.

Pete's hand went unconsciously to his cheek and touched a thin, white scar, newly made, which lay across it. Curiously, the action which had become automatic with him never brought back a vision of a furious girl with raised coils. He always saw, instead, a rearing, terrified horse, circling on slippery rear hoofs above a dreadful precipice, and on the horse's back, a strong, willful, unafraid, pitiful child.

"Just a kid," thought Pete from the height of his 24 years. "Hardly her growth yet and they dump her into all this." His right hand which lay across his knee twitched, while his left caressed the fading scar.

The doctor was questioning the station agent. Shorty, who sat beside Pete under the cottonwood, nudged his friend.

"The red head's up in Charlie's room," he said, jerking his head in that direction. "Just saw her in the window. She's nursing him. First, Ward goes and hands him a bed in the ranchhouse itself and then he gets a queen like that to look after him. Some fellows have all the luck."

Pete's blue eyes seemed to have suddenly turned black.

"What was that you said?" he asked quickly.

Shorty repeated his tale, and enlarged it to take in the story of Charlie's wounding the preceding night. "Through the shoulder. Clean shot and not serious. Only you know how it is, a fellow likes attention and Charlie likes it a little more than most. So he plays for some petting and, by heaven, gets it!"

Pete Black's straight eyebrows drew straighter till they seemed as one black line. His teeth clicked sharply.

"Right prominent citizen, our Charlie," went on Shorty, noting these signs of annoyance and possession of the human intention of rubbing it in. "Always to the front. It's odd how the women talk for him, though. Women ain't no judge of men anyhow. Now you and I know that Charlie—"

Pete turned his head slowly and looked at him. Shorty checked his speech abruptly. Pete was serious. Honest to goodness, he thought it like that, did he? He decided that it was lucky for Charlie that he was wounded. Pete's expression meant business.

Gil Ward came back out of the ranchhouse and resumed his

place in the front of the crowd. Doctor Burke finished with the station agent.

"Pete Black," he called. "Come to the stand and be sworn."

Obediently, nothing was said about Pete's midnight visit to the ranch, nor about his chat with Mr. Tapping at Manato but Dr. Burke questioned him briefly concerning his ride from the Bar W to the Devil's Slide, about Charlie's hailing him and the last minutes of Saul Atkinson.

"He couldn't speak by the time I reached him. Just lay and looked at us. Charlie Squires said he had been trying to tell him something; give him a message or something."

"Never mind what Charlie Squires said. I have his testimony. I only want what the dead man said to you."

"He didn't say anything to me."

"Did you see anyone on the trail or on the hillside besides Saul Atkinson and Charlie Squires?"

"No."

"Can you explain why you were so long reaching the Devil's Slide? I have been told you left the ranch at eight."

"I started at eight. Went back again."

"Why?"

"I'd forgotten to brush my teeth," said Pete, staring unpleasantly at the doctor. "Never go anywhere without brushing my teeth."

The crowd laughed. The doctor had a choice of two procedures. To show his annoyance and thus give the crowd further cause for merriment or to retain his dignity and let Pete get away with it. He knew the genius cowboy well and knew how entirely it detested the faintest hint of coercion and realized that Pete's insolence probably meant only that the question seemed to have no bearing upon the inquiry into Atkinson's death and that he, therefore, resented it. The doctor was too big a man to care about the crowd's opinion and decided to let Pete get away with it.

"Do you swear to me that your return to the Bar W had nothing to do with Mr. Atkinson's death?"

Pete became serious. He regarded Dr. Burke, whom, as a matter of fact, he liked and respected, with a steady eye.

"I rode back to speak to Long Sam, the cook," he said grudgingly.

"He didn't know I was quitting."

"Why did you quit?"

"Huh?" asked Pete, a tiny flash mounting under his brown skin. "I suppose that's got something to do with this inquest, too. Can't a man quit his job without advertising his reasons to the whole county?"

"We don't know yet what has to do with the inquest and what has not," said Dr. Burke soberly. "We don't know who killed Mr. Atkinson or just why he was killed. It is my duty to investigate every peculiar or unusual circumstance within the vicinity of the murder. However, I won't press that question. It's your own business unless it has something to do with the killing and I have no reason at present to suppose it has. Sorry I asked it, Pete."

"You're a gentleman, Doc?" exclaimed Pete, and the pliant crowd murmured approval.

"That'll do for now, then. I may want to talk to you again."

"Always ready," said Pete, and dropped back again to his seat under the cottonwood.

(Continued on Page 24)

Price of KOTEX Down!



KOTEX prices are down! Women who value safe, modern sanitary protection will welcome this news. For Kotex assures that complete peace of mind so essential to comfort.

Ask yourself—ask doctors and nurses—why 24,000,000 Kotex pads were used in American hospitals alone last year. The answer is obvious. Kotex is safe... clean!

Be certain of highest standards of purity. Kotex is made in spotless factories. Cut, folded and packed

...all by machinery. Women who use Kotex know it's shaped to fit. Comfortable and safe when worn on either side. Says soft. Highly absorbent. Disposable.

Ask for Kotex, at any drug, dry goods or department store. When buying it wrapped, make sure you get genuine Kotex.

Genuine Kotex Sanitary Napkins now cost less

Keep the glorious appeal of YOUTH—Screen Stars know how—

DON'T let birthdays frighten you! The screen and stage stars laugh at them. These recent photographs show why!

"No woman need fear added years," says the lovely Betty Compson, whose glorious young charm wins hearts by the thousands on the screen. "Stage and screen stars must keep youthful charm, and they know a young-looking skin is absolutely essential."

The stage and screen stars have found the way to keep their skin smooth and fresh, year after year! They use Lux Toilet Soap regularly—at home in their own beautifully appointed bathrooms and in their dressing rooms on location as well.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

In Hollywood, youthful appeal means success itself. Of the 694 important actresses there, including all stars, 686 regularly care for their skin with Lux Toilet Soap. The preference of the screen stars for Lux Toilet Soap is so well known in Hollywood all the big studios have made it their official soap.

The stage stars, too, overwhelmingly prefer this fragrant white soap. Gentle and so beautifully white that no other soap can rival it, Lux Toilet Soap is excellent for every type of skin. Escape the tyranny of birthdays—stay lovely, appealing, as the screen stars do.

Lux Toilet Soap

10¢

Have No Gray Hair Before 60



Now simply brushing hair ends grows gray as perfectly as you will suspect you ever had a gray hair... Send for sample.

Don't let gray hair ruin your business or social career because it makes people think you are "too old." You can now

and this handiwork easily, quickly and inexpensively right at home. And the results will be so

perfect that no one will suspect you have a single hair to your hair. We

urge you to accept sample offer below for

DO ONE SIMPLE THING—

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Obtain KOLOR-BAK at any drug or department store. Use as directed and—

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PETERMAN'S ROACH FOOD

This Way To Happiness By Maysie Greig

(Continued from Page 18)

feel older. Not only older, but more dissatisfied and tired. He lit a cigarette thoughtfully. "I imagined everyone wanted to keep their youth, Elia. Especially a woman."

"To keep the spirit of youth, perhaps," she smiled back at him. "But not youth itself, Lance. Age has so many compensations. It makes you milder, kinder. It also helps you to see things in their true perspective. Of course, you miss the bright glaring colors, but you have the half tones you didn't notice before."

No," she ended with a laugh. "I wouldn't be younger even if you were a magician complete with the magic to bring it about!"

Lance didn't join in her laughter. He was too busy thinking about what she's just said. He strolled out onto the balcony, leaning against the white balustrade. The light flooded out from the room and surrounded him. He seemed to have forgotten how painful his back had been all afternoon.

"Recently, when I got away from Chile, I felt that, in missing so much of my youth, I had missed everything," he said.

quietly. "I felt if I couldn't recapture it I might as well be dead. If you'd said then what you've said just now I'd have thought you out of your head... But now I'm not so sure."

A pause. She felt him looking at her from under his thick, bushy eyebrows. She caught her breath sharply, wondering what he was thinking. As a matter of fact, he was thinking she looked attractive and restful she looked. Pretty, too, in a quiet way, with her copper hair framing her face like the halo of a medieval Madonna. And, as he watched her, he began to wonder afresh how

he could ever have been afraid of this woman. Strange to think he might even have married her! But, he thought mentally, that was all in the past. Very much in the past. He was quite obvious from her manner, Elia, whatever she had felt for him in the past had nothing now but the must casual friendly feelings toward him.

"I've been having tea with Janice," she said brightly. "I do congratulate you, Lance. She's the dearest girl."

"I'm glad you like her," he returned.

Another pause. This time the pause was slightly more strained. Elia couldn't understand why, but, directly she mentioned Janice, Lance seemed to draw into himself. As though she had flicked him on a wound that was sore.

"Where is she now?" he asked a few moments later.

"Your friend Mr. Henderson joined us for tea. I guess they went for a stroll together."

"Did they?" he murmured. Something in his voice startled her. His face, she saw now, in repose was grim. She felt, suddenly, as though she was on the

verge of stumbling onto something grimly, and to know about. Why, Lance and this girl who had married him only a month! Surely, surely nothing could have gone wrong yet!

Mr. Henderson seemed a nice young fellow," she said quickly.

"He is," Lance agreed, illogically. "To Janice." And he went on in his thoughts, a little wearily. "You can't blame me both for being young, I suppose."

To Be Continued Next Sunday.
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You can start right now and make sure that your hair will stay young-looking with luxurious color as long as you use Combing Mary T. Goldman's water-white liquid through gray hair deters it to desired even colors blonde, auburn, brown, black. Your hair will stay soft, fluffy, even be waved or curled. Washes without fading. Responsible medical opinion says this way is entirely SAFE.

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The Dude Ranch Mystery By Mark Plum

(Continued from Page 15)

His place in the public eye was taken by Ginger Scullion. Of course, "I'll just go over the whole business, if you don't mind," the sheriff offered informally. "Might

as well have it smooth and straight for the boys."

The boys—that is, the uncomfortably conspicuous jurymen—nodded a willing assent, and Ginger repeated as much of the story of Atkinson's death as was al-

ready known, putting it, however, in a more consecutive and coherent manner than it had yet been told, and adding to that the fact of the hiding place above the Devil's Slide and the track that led from it over the rocks and

through the undergrowth of the hillside.

"Whoever killed Atkinson," he added, "knew he was coming, hid there, waited and killed him for his papers. Got 'em, too."

"That isn't proven yet," put in Dr. Burke.

"That's all right. I replenisht the fellow's suitcase yesterday. He'd left it at the station. There was only one scrap of written stuff in it and that was a telegram, received on his train coming up from Oklahoma, sent from Kansas City and signed 'H. H. P.'"

"The dude it was," said the jurymen.

"Whoever sent it meant to lure Atkinson to his death," said Ginger slowly. "But whether or not Hefflin sent it is another question. I got on the phone with the police at Kansas City and they had it checked up. It was handed in at the Union Station. The fool who took it was almost sure it was given him by a man but he didn't know whether he was tall or short or young or old and said that after all, maybe it was a woman."

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"Do you mean to say that any intelligent, sane man would fall for an obvious trap like that?"

"Wasn't an obvious trap unless you had reason to expect trouble. I don't know that it would have been an obvious one even then. 'Had news' probably meant to Atkinson that the fact of his finding oil had reaped out—likely enough—and that would naturally make Hefflin change his plans and speed 'em up a bit. If Hefflin guessed he was being spied upon, he might have letted a place like Summit Trail for his conference with Atkinson instead of at the ranch or at

Manato, where they would certainly have been seen together and possibly overheard. Moreover, the wording sounds like Hefflin's. If he didn't send that telegram, someone who knows him did."

"Do you think that Mr. Hefflin sent it?" asked an interested member of the jury.

"Whoever sent it meant to lure Atkinson to his death," said Ginger slowly. "But whether or not Hefflin sent it is another question. I got on the phone with the police at Kansas City and they had it checked up. It was handed in at the Union Station. The fool who took it was almost sure it was given him by a man but he didn't know whether he was tall or short or young or old and said that after all, maybe it was a woman."

"Hefflin's train went through Kansas City," said Dr. Burke minutely.

"Yes. But if someone wanted to think Hefflin was winning him, he'd have had some enough to look after that part of it."

"Why don't you ask Mr. Hefflin whether he sent it?" piped up a jurymen, who had not heard of the millionaire's disappearance.

Dr. Burke, who had been expecting this, glanced fleetingly at the sheriff. He took his duties seriously and only his certainty

that Ginger Scullion knew what he was doing and would unquestionably accomplish him in clearing up the mystery if he were permitted his own way unhindered, had induced him to agree to the order to attend to the impression of pertinent facts. Ginger answered that glance with another reassuring nod and himself answered the jurymen.

"Mr. Hefflin left the ranch the night he arrived there. The death of his most trusted employee caused certain complications that he had to see to personally."

"He's a cheery fellow, isn't he?" asked another jurymen.

"We hoped he'd get back for it," said Ginger, "but in that at least, 'I don't believe there's much he can tell us, anyway, that his secretary doesn't know'."

Dr. Burke looked unhappy than ever.

"Mr. Tapping isn't here, either," he said.

Ginger's eyes showed a gleam of startled anxiety.

"Where is he?"

"No. It's nothing like that," answered the doctor quickly. "He was gone back to the ranch yesterday afternoon. Ward will tell you."

To Be Continued Next Sunday.
Copyright, 1935, by Mark Plum.
606 Golden Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

When Your Kitchen Is a Kitchenette

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Frozen Chicken a la King.
TURN a can of chicken a la King into tray of mechanical icebox and freeze for 2 or 3 hours. Slice and serve on crisp lettuce. Garnish with well-seasoned mayonnaise.

Bisque Cream.
BEAT ¼ pound pecan or peanut butter until stiff and fold in the pounded nut brittle. Turn into tray of mechanical icebox and freeze.

Roquefort Salad.
THINLY slice ½ pound Roquefort cheese. Put in top of double boiler with ½ cup milk. Stir until cheese is melted. Then cool. Beat 1 cup cream until stiff. Fold the cheese mixture into the cream. Turn into tray of mechanical icebox and freeze for 4 or 5 hours. Slice this and serve on crisp lettuce.

When two of these irascible hermits meet, they are quite likely to reach out their big claw and clasp each other in what is anything but a friendly hand-clasp. Instead they begin tugging with all their might until finally one succeeds in pulling the other out of his house.

The winner then usually leaves his own home and moves in. The evicted crab loses no time in occupying the empty shell because he dares not leave his soft and defenseless abdomen exposed to the attack of fish or other crabs for whom he would make a tempting morsel.

In Siam the natives have for centuries trained fighting fish for public combats. These fish are not over two inches long and placed together in a bowl, fight fast and furiously until one is killed, which usually takes only a few minutes.

Crustaceans when transferred to new surroundings take on unexpected characteristics. The miller animals sometimes becoming fierce and dangerous. The American mink was introduced recently into central Europe for its valuable fur. It thrived and multiplied beyond anyone's hopes. Also it grew big, fierce and unpopular and now there are stories that it has attacked and even killed children. At the same time its fur has become thin, mangy and of no commercial value.

Tragedies in the Animal World

(Continued from Double Page)

tion, there are all kinds of ways of making a living and not all of them strictly honest.

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Windows Should Always Be Spotless

By Mrs. Cistine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

MRS. HOUSEWIFE is often negligent of an important household item—the smile and sparkle of clean windows. Many of us who live in tall apartments can justify claim that outside window washing at least is too precarious to life and limb, and that the work should be turned over to the professional man window-washer who looks himself within a special safety belt, and who is as trained in his task as the steel riveter in his.

But what of the inside of the window? That at least can be kept clean and sparkling without any trouble or danger. There are two types of methods, generally speaking—the dry, and the moist. In the former, the surface of the glass is spread with a nut or moistened paste of whiting or similar commercial preparation. This fine friction paste is then left to dry, and later rubbed off by a dry cloth or crumpled tissue. It is an excellent method with one reservation—that is that it leaves too much loose white powdery dust on the trim of the window. If this latter woodwork is stained dark, such as black walnut or old English oak, then the white powder may smear on the woodwork and be extremely difficult to remove, or leave an unsightly streaked finish and create dust in the room.

Those housewives who own a vacuum cleaner with a certain type of attachment, can obviate this annoyance by removing the dried paste by means of the suction in their vacuum cleaner. The tool used is a small round brush of soft yet firm bristles, in appearance not unlike the old-fashioned round blacking brush.

The method is to spread the glass with moist paste of whiting and ammonia water and let it become very dry. Then, attaching this brush to the regular suction nozzle of the cleaner, on its extended end, to pass the brush firmly over the dried paste on the glass. As it brushes the paste off, it also sucks the dry dust down into the vacuum's dust-bin, thus at once rapidly and dustlessly polishing the window.

Now for the wet method! All that is necessary is a moistened cloth or chamois, or even sponge. The textile used must be free from lint of any kind, and the material squeezed almost dry, as any very sloppy cloth tends to streak the glass. One good method is to use a sponge for washing the glass, and a chamois, wrung very dry, for wiping. Probably nothing superior to a chamois skin has ever been found for any type of fine cleaning of surfaces—the chamois, or as the English call it, the "wash-leather" presenting a surface at once soft, pliable, free from lint, and absorbent. There are also special

manufactured cleaning cloths which are good for the final polishing. Rapid water to which a few drops of ammonia are added is best. Work always in one direction—a cleaning suggestion which applies to practically every type of rubbing or scouring—and with a firm pressure. A sponge to wash and a chamois to dry are an ideal plan, and does away

with any need for a sloppy mop. The store owner who wants his windows to give a good impression to the public, or the professional washer, generally uses a special tool known as a "squeegee."

This consists of a flat edge of rubber or similar material mounted on a flat tassel or tool on a long handle. Some types of "squeegee" are used to wipe down the window, and then a chamois used to dry them; others have a compartment or box-like portion which holds water which automatically moistens the rubber edge as it works. This latter is excellent for large windows, where time is saved because the "squeegee" keeps itself just moist enough to do the work.

In any case, it is wise to give the rubber edge a quick drying off with a clean cloth each time it is used on the surface in as to return it perfectly clean for the next sweep. If the large windows are outside the house, on a long handle, dip it into a pail of clean water, and wash the glass first with it, then follow with the "squeegee" for drying.



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And the \$2 or more which you save with Ivory, can buy something you want or need.

Save \$2 this year—buy IVORY SOAP for the family.

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Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Rhubarb, Cereal, Plain Omelet, Muffins, Coffee, Lunch Lentils, Rice, Spaghetti, Fruit Salad, Tea, Crackers, Dinner Boiled Beef, Tongue, Cabbage, Mashed Potatoes, Beans, Olives, Sauce, Buttered Cabbage, Pie.	Breakfast Fruit, Salt, Mashed Creamed Potatoes, Tea, Lunch Lentils, Rice, Spaghetti, Fruit Salad, Tea, Crackers, Dinner Boiled Beef, Tongue, Cabbage, Mashed Potatoes, Beans, Olives, Sauce, Buttered Cabbage, Pie.	Breakfast Fruit, Salt, Mashed Creamed Potatoes, Tea, Lunch Lentils, Rice, Spaghetti, Fruit Salad, Tea, Crackers, Dinner Boiled Beef, Tongue, Cabbage, Mashed Potatoes, Beans, Olives, Sauce, Buttered Cabbage, Pie.	Breakfast Fruit, Salt, Mashed Creamed Potatoes, Tea, Lunch Lentils, Rice, Spaghetti, Fruit Salad, Tea, Crackers, Dinner Boiled Beef, Tongue, Cabbage, Mashed Potatoes, Beans, Olives, Sauce, Buttered Cabbage, Pie.	Breakfast Fruit, Salt, Mashed Creamed Potatoes, Tea, Lunch Lentils, Rice, Spaghetti, Fruit Salad, Tea, Crackers, Dinner Boiled Beef, Tongue, Cabbage, Mashed Potatoes, Beans, Olives, Sauce, Buttered Cabbage, Pie.	Breakfast Fruit, Salt, Mashed Creamed Potatoes, Tea, Lunch Lentils, Rice, Spaghetti, Fruit Salad, Tea, Crackers, Dinner Boiled Beef, Tongue, Cabbage, Mashed Potatoes, Beans, Olives, Sauce, Buttered Cabbage, Pie.	Breakfast Fruit, Salt, Mashed Creamed Potatoes, Tea, Lunch Lentils, Rice, Spaghetti, Fruit Salad, Tea, Crackers, Dinner Boiled Beef, Tongue, Cabbage, Mashed Potatoes, Beans, Olives, Sauce, Buttered Cabbage, Pie.

American Weekly Patterns



A PRETTY FROCK FOR AFTERNOON OR EVENING OCCASIONS (7536). Designed in 4 sizes: 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. Without caplet and ruffles, as in the small view, it will require 3/4 yard.

A NEW MODEL FOR THE "JUNIOR MISS" (7547). Designed in 4 sizes: 11, 13, 15 and 17, with corresponding bust measure, 29, 31, 33 and 35 inches. Size 13 will require 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material.

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CHILD'S ROMPERS (7462). Designed in 4 sizes: 6 months, 1 year, 2 and 3 years. To make the garment for a 2-year size will require 1 1/4 yards of material 32 inches wide or wider. To make collar, overlap, cuffs and waistband of contrasting material will require 1/4 yard 32 inches wide cut crosswise. To finish the garment with bias binding as pictured in the large view will require 2 1/4 yards 3 1/2 inches wide.

A PRETTY FROCK FOR MANY OCCASIONS (7551). Designed in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 will require 2 1/4 yards of 36-inch printed material and 3/4 yard of contrasting material if made as shown in the large view. To finish the bodice with plaited or gathered edging of lace will require 2 1/4 yards.

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7547.....Size 7555.....Years

7462.....Years 7185.....Years

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Send 10 cents in coin for our new SUMMER BOOK OF FASHIONS, containing designs of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Patterns, also Hints to the Home Dressmaker.

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UT WITH SCRUBBING! IN WITH DIC-A-DOO'ING

the new method of cleaning! Quick! Easy! More Effective than any other cleaner you've ever used, for Dic-A-Doo lifts dirt out! No scrubbing! Spread it on! Wipe it off! That's all...and any painted, varnished or lacquered surface is spotlessly clean and fresh as new!

Try Dic-A-Doo on walls, woodwork, floors, linoleum, bathroom tile. See how easily and quickly you can make these hard-to-clean surfaces gleam like new—often saving the cost of repainting.

DIC-A-DOO paint cleaner restores paint

SAMPLE FREE! GET YOURS NOW!

THE PATENT CEREALS CO., Dept. A23, Geneva, N.Y.

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Cuticura Shaving Cream

Works up quickly into a moist, lathering foam. It contains the delicate medication of Cuticura Ointment which relieves the irritation caused by shaving too close, and acts as a tonic as well as a cream.

At your druggist or sent postpaid to you by Cuticura Laboratories, Malden, Mass.

PERFECTION IN SHAVING

Cuticura SHAVING CREAM

NANCY: I'm only half through my dishes. How do you get finished so soon?

LOUISE: I guess you don't know about Lux. It works twice as fast! And, darling, it's simply grand for your hands!

LUX for dishes

Lovely hands for less than 1¢ a day

LUX for dishes

Lovely hands for less than 1¢ a day

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Lovely hands for less than 1¢ a day

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LUX for dishes

Lovely hands for less than 1¢ a day

To Demonstrate the 1-Minute Facial

FREE

This month only—with purchase of \$1.00 bottle



FLASK · COUETTES · FUNNEL

\$2.00 value for \$1.00 at drug and department stores now



PURSE
Carry your facials in your purse. Ambrosia flask is 3 by 1 inch, weighs less than 6 ounces filled.

EW, Exciting, Wonderful—Here's something new, exciting, wonderful—the 1-Minute Facial. ½ a minute to cleanse, another ½ minute to dry, and you have had a complete facial. For Ambrosia is cleanser, tonic and powder-base.

No grease in Ambrosia to smear your hair; you can use it while wearing coat and hat. Like a wind from the sea, this cooling, zesty liquid clears away dust and fatigue, leaves you feeling clean and refreshed.

Prove it at our expense

To prove it we are making an unusual offer. Buy a \$1.00 bottle of Ambrosia from any drug or department store now. In the package with it you get 3 items free:

First, you get free a purse-size flask, value 50¢, filled with Ambrosia. Flask has been especially made for this offer and will never be sold separately. If you have ever wished for a quick clean-up during the day, now is your chance. Get this flask at once, and carry your facials in your purse.



MOTOR
Use Ambrosia even while wearing coat and hat. Cleanses pore-deep, feels refreshing as rain, makes powder cling smoothly for hours.

Secondly, you get free in this demonstration package, a regular 25¢ box of Johnson & Johnson Couettes, little squares of cotton for applying Ambrosia. And thirdly you get free a funnel for refilling flask, value 25¢.

A \$2.00 value for \$1.00 at all drug and department stores now!

Why we are giving away \$1,200,000 of merchandise

To make this offer we have bought Couettes from Johnson & Johnson having a total retail value of \$400,000. Flasks and funnels have an additional retail value of \$800,000. You may wonder how we can afford to do this. The answer is simple. Thousands of women have expressed their enthusiasm for the 1-Minute Facial. An enthusiasm so boundless we feel sure it will be worth our while to offer the greatest possible inducement to get all women to try it.

Limited offer. Act now!

But we cannot continue indefinitely to give 4 items for the price of 1. We have therefore set May 31st for the end of the offer, and have so advised all dealers.

At that time, the flask mold will be broken and no more will ever be made from it. Don't miss this opportunity. It is never likely to be repeated. Obtain a 1-Minute Facial package from the nearest drug or department store at once! You get three items free—a \$2.00 value for \$1.00.



WASHROOM
Ambrosia is cleanser, tonic and powder-base, a perfect 1-Minute Facial. Can be used anywhere.

softening agents known for dry skin. Is a blend practically identical with the natural oil of a healthy skin.

Thus it penetrates, replenishes natural oil. Skin feels smoother at once.

Clinical examinations show that Ambrosia Cream lessens dryness noticeably, often within 3 days. Examining doctor reports "Ambrosia Cream is beneficial for all dry and sensitive skins."

(\$1 at all leading drug and department stores.)



TRAVEL
Ambrosia washes away all travel-stain. Flask holds 25 facials. Saves carrying 3 ordinary beauty aids.

York, are included in the booklet with every Ambrosia package.

Benefit now by this doctor's medical knowledge. Get the 1-Minute Facial package from the nearest drug or department store at once. A \$2 value for \$1.

FREE
WITH \$1.00 SIZE AMBRŌSIA

27 AMBRŌSIA FLASK (value 50¢) FREE

For a week-end bag or purse

27 J & J COUETTES (value 25¢) FREE

Sixty pads of cotton for applying Ambrosia

27 AMBRŌSIA FUNNEL . . . (value 25¢) FREE

For refilling Ambrosia Flask

\$2.00 VALUE FOR \$1.00



To Demonstrate
THE 1-MINUTE FACIAL

Facts About Ambrosia

789 clinical tests made by a great New York skin specialist prove that you obtain surgical cleanliness with Ambrosia. This prevents blackheads, blemishes and other age-signs. It also arouses circulation, is healing and tonic.

End dry skin with Ambrosia Cream

No cream can penetrate clogged pores. But pores thoroughly cleansed with Ambrosia can easily take in a cream to replenish oil and make skin smooth and young.

Ambrosia cream combines for the first time the 2 most



OFFICE

1-Minute Facials enable business girls to look as radiant at 3 p.m. as they did at 9 in the morning.

Normalize oily skin with Ambrosia Tightener

Oily skins should be cleansed frequently during the day with Ambrosia. At night Ambrosia Tightener should be used to further lessen oiliness, close large pores, prevent blackheads and blemishes. Doctors' tests prove Tightener clears muddy complexions quickly. (\$1 a bottle.)

Doctor's directions for the care of each skin-type, just as he gave them to women who saw him personally in New



789 skin examinations by a great New York doctor prove Ambrosia is antiseptic, healing, contributes to skin-health. Doctors use only liquids to get the skin surgically clean.



clogged pore



clean pore

GREASY CLEANSING. Surface dirt is removed, but impurities pushed into pores.

PORE-DEEP CLEANSING. All dirt is removed. No blemishes now. Skin is fine, clear.

Sure of love when skin is always fresh as apple blossoms.



AMBRŌSIA IS CLEANSER, TONIC AND POWDER BASE IN ONE